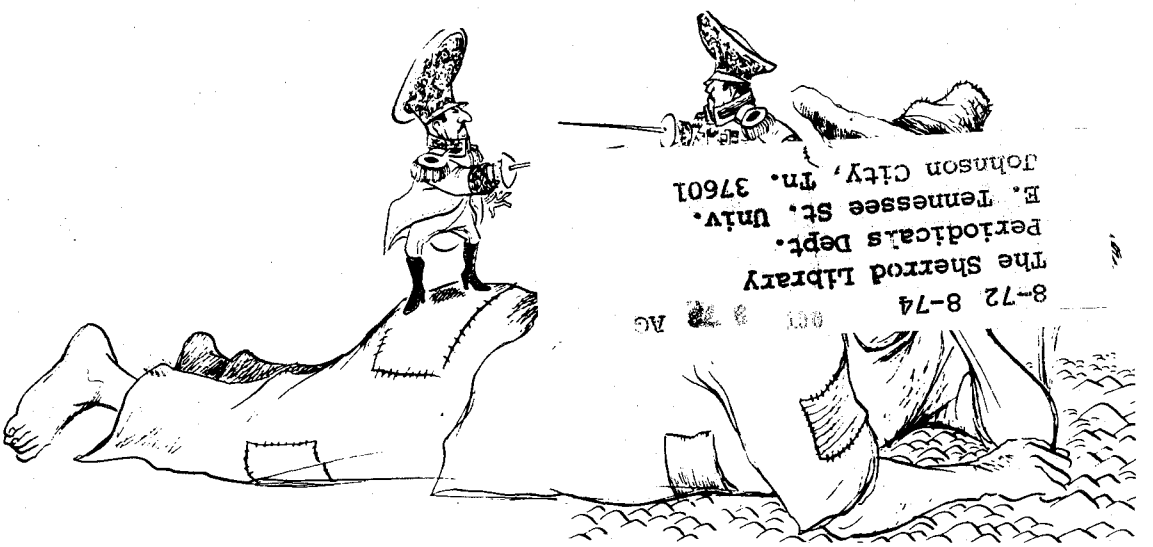
SAN FRANCISCO PUBLISHING **RICK SEIFERT**

NATION

OCTOBER 15, 1973 *50 cents*



8-72 8-74
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E. Tennessee St. Univ.
Johnson City, Tn. 37601

LATIN AMERICA'S TRAGEDY ***PENNY LERNOUX***

Illusions of Agrarian Reform

Edward McConville

OF C.F. ELLIS

The Multinationalists ***Steve Weissman***

A NEW RULING CLASS FOR THE WORLD

Bernard Brodie / 'War and Politics'

ASHER BRYNES

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

Ducks & Drakes on South Lawn

The court actions in which the President and Vice President are currently involved have touched off a rash of speculation and conjecture; seldom have legal and constitutional experts been so much in the news or enjoyed such an opportunity to exhibit their learning. While they debate among themselves, there is little point in editorial speculation about what the courts may ultimately decide. But the politics of the situation—which finds the White House, in *Time*'s phrase, "awash in scandal"—does invite comment.

For a split second there seemed to be a chance that the President could stave off constricting pressures long enough to map a strategy of extrication. The Kissinger appointment, the Congressional recess, the Ervin committee's failure of nerve and the fast-breaking Agnew story gave him brief hope of a little breathing space. But his room for maneuver has suddenly narrowed and he is now in deeper trouble than before the Congress took its summer holiday.

There was never any reason to believe that the Vice President would step down; incumbency is his best defense. Nor could the President demand his resignation. Apart from the fact that it would be unfair (not perhaps a serious impediment in the White House today), such a demand would alienate conservatives who still constitute the dominant faction in the Republican Party. And since the President is under a cloud himself, he could hardly take a high and mighty stand in relation to Agnew, the more so since it might seem inconsistent with his own "posture." Despite differences in their situations, both President and Vice President contend that impeachment is a prior condition to their obligation to answer charges in the courts. The President, of course, would like to believe that he is the only living American who enjoys this privilege, but if it extends to him it may also extend to the Vice President.

At a different level, it can be argued that initially Agnew's predicament was seen as being of some tactical advantage to the President. At least, the White House must have known about the Maryland scandal for some time before it became public, yet did nothing to stop the investigation. The advantage would lie in the fact that the legal issue involving the tapes will doubtless be decided before the Agnew issue is resolved. Should the Supreme Court order the President to surrender the tapes and should he refuse then, as Senators Kennedy and Mondale and others have said, Congress would have to consider impeachment. But would Congress, which in any case dreads the thought of impeachment, decide to proceed against the President if his constitutional successor was under indictment and thus might in turn be subject to impeachment? Speaker Carl Albert has many friends and admirers, but the prospect of this little man seated behind that big desk in the Oval Office is enough to dampen the enthusiasm even of impeachment buffs. At the outset, therefore, Agnew's difficulties may have been regarded by the White House as not merely a welcome diversion but a new spoke in impeachment's wheel. They also promised scope for evasive action. Should the Vice President be indicted, and should he then resign, the President could use the naming of a successor as yet another red herring across his tracks.

These prospects are now blighted. Agnew, angered by the way he has been treated, has decided to fight back. He has leveled savage charges against Henry Petersen and, by implication, has accused the Attorney General of tolerating "leaks" that have prejudiced his case. The fact that Beall, Petersen and Richardson are all Nixon appointees, however, made it impossible for Agnew to plead partisan bias. So he decided to seek the intervention of Congress. Thus, as the President looks to the courts for protection, the Vice President, reversing his previous stand, now wants Congress to exonerate him of charges that it would seem could be more fairly tested in a court trial.

The rapid escalation of the Agnew scandal is now more of an embarrassment than a boon to the President. He is in no better position to ask the Attorney General to quash the grand jury proceeding than he is to demand Agnew's resignation. And the issue between Agnew and the Department of Justice is likely to become still more embittered. It has been suggested that Nixon could always send Archibald Cox back to Harvard, and that might help with the tapes; but it would not be so easy to dismiss Richardson. And any attempt to fire Cox would be regarded by Democrats in the Senate as a repudiation of the understanding which won confirmation for Richardson.

Neither the public nor the opposition nor the press is demanding Agnew's resignation at the moment. If he is indicted, some will say that he should resign. But he has now said, and repeated, that he will not resign if indicted. If he holds to that line the President cannot play politics with the issue of a possible successor. Besides, it is doubtful that Congress would confirm John Connally or any nominee who might be a strong candidate in 1976. At the same time, if Agnew is indicted, and the proceedings drag on, and he does not resign, the Republicans will be in a fix to prepare for the elections of 1974 and 1976. Finally, it is probably a mistake to assume, as the pundits are doing, that the current scandal has terminated the political career of Spiro Agnew, whatever the outcome. If Agnew is not indicted or if he should be indicted, tried and then acquitted, he would be very much alive politically.

In the meantime, of course, the clouds hanging over both President and Vice President have at least partially paralyzed the office of the Presidency. Only disclosure of the tapes is likely to lift the shadow from the President: for, whatever the courts may decide, the public feels strongly that he should yield the tapes. Only non-indictment or a verdict of not guilty on all counts would remove the shadow from Agnew. So we face a sharply divided Administration in which the Vice President is at war with the Attorney General, and the President can neither reconcile their positions nor fire one or the other or both. He is locked into a situation for which he is himself responsible; he has made his own hell. It is not a happy situation for him or the rest of us and no resolution is immediately apparent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is the President, however, who should remain the focus of attention. A Vice President under indictment, or even on trial for sundry criminal offenses, would not in itself present a constitutional crisis. But if impeachment proceedings against the President took place at a time when the Vice President was under indictment or appealing a conviction, that would precipitate such a crisis. At that point perhaps the President would resign, at the request of a committee from the Establishment. The logical way out of the whole mess would be for Congress to declare both offices vacant and order an interim Presidential election for 1974. But we have a Congress, not a Parliament.

Nixon-Pentagon Win Again

All through the cold-war years, the Congress as a matter of course approved the military's annual budget. Few if any questions were raised, and often the Pentagon ended up with more money than it had demanded. This year there seemed to be valid grounds for expecting sharp debate, serious consideration and a less prodigal waste of national resources badly needed for constructive purposes. American troops and airmen were no longer fighting in Indochina, and Nixon-Kissinger had triumphantly concluded a détente of sorts with the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China.

In fact, the Congress did show some signs of behaving like a deliberative body. Last summer the normally hawkish House trimmed $950 million from the procurement budget; it was an early action, to be sure, but Pentagon critics took it as a good augury. The Senate Armed Services Committee did even better; it voted cuts of more than $1.5 billion. Then both chambers caved in and gave Nixon-Pentagon all they asked for, and more. Every major weapons system was rammed through by a lobbying effort of outrageous proportions; though the margins were narrow, Nixon and company emerged on the long end.

The action in the Senate unfolded in two stages. Senator Mansfield pushed through a 40 per cent reduction in overseas troop strength by a 49-to-46 vote. Then the whips started cracking, votes were switched, and the Mansfield amendment went down by 51 to 44. A compromise was reached: overseas troop strength would be reduced by 110,000 men (23 per cent) by the end of 1975. That went through nicely, but January 1, 1976 is a long way off, and right now the bill goes to conference. Since the House is opposed, the chances are that this symbolic victory will vanish in thin air.

The second stage involved the Trident submarine program. Both the House and the Senate are substantially agreed that eventually the Trident will supplant the existing Polaris-Poseidon subs. With forty-one of these latter on station or undergoing missile updating (multiple targeting, etc.) the United States is not exactly naked before its enemies, and originally the Navy was satisfied with 1980 as the target date for completion of ten Tridents at about $1.3 billion apiece (or will it be $1.5 billion, or more? Early estimates are meaningless). Mr. Nixon, however, insisted on an accelerated Trident construction pro-

IN THIS ISSUE

October 15, 1973

EDITORIALS

354

ARTICLES

358 The Multinationalists Assemble: A New Ruling Class for the World — *Steve Weissman*

361 Portrait of a Klansman: The Prophetic Voice of C.P. Ellis — *Edward McConville*

366 Latin America's Tragedy: Illusions of Agrarian Reform — *Penny Lernoux*

371 Publishing Goes West: San Francisco's Where It's At — *Rick Seifert*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

373 Brodie: War and Politics — *Asher Brynes*

374 Four Evasions (poem) — *Margaret Atwood*

375 Mark Van Doren as an American — *Grace Schulman*

376 Mailer: Marilyn — *Alvah Bessie*

377 Traffic Lights (poem) — *Todd Gitlin*

378 Evanier: The Swinging Headhunter — *Seymour Kleinberg*

378 Hawk (poem) — *Michael Niflis*

379 DeMaria: The Decline and Fall of America — *Robert K. Morris*

380 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

381 Films — *Robert Hatch*

382 American Notes (poem) — *Thomas Johnson*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1973 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 217
No. 12

The Sherrod Library
EAST LANSING STATE UNIVERSITY
Michigan
OCT 9 73

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gram, and the Navy was easily persuaded to cut two years off the completion date. Opponents tried to keep the original schedule and to appropriate only $885.4 million for 1974. But the Navy, having been given the signal by Nixon, insisted on $1.5 billion and got it.

Senator Symington said the Navy-Administration lobbying was the most intense he had witnessed in more than twenty-eight years in government, and as a former Secretary of the Air Force he should know. To add volume to the clamor, the Navy called back into active service (although not in uniform) Vice Adm. Hyman Rickover, the nuclear sub expert who is so greatly revered on the Hill that Congress kept him on active duty when Navy brass wanted to get rid of him. Effective as Rickover was in his lobbying assignment, he was outdone by Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, chief of naval operations, who was quoted as telling a TV interviewer that "Soviet agents" were lobbying on Capitol Hill against the Trident. Admiral Zumwalt said he had been misquoted, that what he meant was: "The Soviets in a host of ways, including the use of employees here, do make a concerted effort to impact upon U.S. policy." As intended, this sounds sinister, but he did not name the employees.

The vote on Trident was close—49 to 47—but that will make no difference to General Dynamics, which is designing the hulls, and Lockheed Aircraft, which is being rescued from bankruptcy by its labors on the missiles. Their experts in jacking up prices will be working alongside the engineers.

If the Navy put on a great lobbying show, the Army was not far behind. Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster, Jr., Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, just happened to be in Washington and did yeoman work on the telephone to block troop cuts in his theatre. And Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger wore out his shoes in the Capitol corridors on behalf of all the services. Meanwhile, the Defense Department prevented reporters from interviewing Navy experts on the Trident program while the Senate debate was in progress.

Highest honors, however, must go to the President. His détente with the Soviets consists of speeding up the armaments race, and with the accelerated Trident he has a priceless "bargaining chip" in his hand. The White House announced that it was "very pleased" by the outcome. Sen. George McGovern was not pleased. He tried the frontal approach of a $78-billion ceiling on defense appropriations—$7 billion less than requested by the Administration. "While the President hails a 'generation of peace,' " Mr. McGovern complained, "he offers a budget that prepares for a generation of war, of more and more elaborate new weapons, and of American forces still scattered all over the globe." The vote was 81 to 12 against the McGovern amendment. Watergate has hurt Mr. Nixon badly, but when it comes to weaponry he can still push the Congress around.

Death Row Returns

For two decades up to June 29, 1972, the movement to abolish capital punishment seemed to be making slow but steady progress. Then on that day, by a 5-to-4 vote—there were nine separate opinions—the Supreme Court struck down most capital punishment laws and, in effect, commuted the sentences of some 600 prisoners then on death row. But the majority did not hold capital punishment to be unconstitutional; it merely said that, since the evidence showed that the death penalty was imposed in a haphazard and discriminatory manner—usually against the black and the poor—it could not be upheld as so applied. The effect of the decision, as Chief Justice Burger's opinion made clear, was to encourage state legislatures to amend their laws so as to obviate the Court's objections, and local law-and-order politicians were quick to get the message. Most of the new laws narrowly define the crimes for which the death penalty may be imposed—as in the case of the murder of a police officer or a prison guard—and escape the charge of haphazard or unequal enforcement by making the death penalty mandatory in such cases. The result has been a variety of confusing statutes which are even harsher than those they replaced. Perhaps as many as fifty states, it is currently estimated, will restore the death penalty by adopting such statutes.

The California situation is of particular interest. There, a California Supreme Court decision which held the death penalty to be basically unconstitutional so outraged Gov. Ronald Reagan and other politicians in his camp that an initiative measure—Proposition 17—which purported to give the legislature the right to restore the death penalty was placed on the November 1972 ballot. Though of dubious constitutionality, the initiative carried by a 2-to-1 vote and the state legislature (by votes of 29 to 11 in the Senate and 52 to 25 in the House) recently enacted a measure which restores and makes mandatory the death penalty in eleven specific types of first-degree murder. Governor Reagan, expressing his personal belief that a reinstatement of the gas chamber will save "many lives of law-abiding citizens and their families," has just signed the measure. It will go into effect January 1, but will not affect the present inmates of San Quentin's death row.

The movement to restore the death penalty, which seems to be gathering momentum, probably represents no more than a temporary retreat in a climate of fear and reaction. But retrogression might be a better term. True, there have been no executions since 1967, and some of the new statutes may well be invalidated for one reason or another. But once again the death rows are gradually filling up; since the Supreme Court's decision in 1972, more than a dozen defendants have been sentenced to death. One more Nixon appointment might well result in a Supreme Court decision which would accelerate the present trend.

Sentiment for the death penalty fluctuates in relation to the political climate; it is, in fact, a fairly accurate barometer of political health and social well-being. When society is caught up in a cycle of anxiety, as at present, agitation for capital punishment increases; when social confidence returns, it usually recedes. In a time of fear, the murder of a single police officer can offset the effect of a dozen good arguments for abolition. In such a period, belief in the death penalty as a deterrent increases without regard to the strength of the case against it. For example, there has been a striking increase in murders

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in cities and rural areas in the first half of this year, despite restoration of the death penalty in some nineteen states.

The most depressing aspect of the current retrogression is the fact that those who advocate capital punishment also oppose all attempts to tighten gun controls; the two constituencies are virtually identical. Guns are, of course, murder weapons in more than 50 per cent of all homicides and where they are properly controlled, as in Japan and other countries, the homicide rate declines. But with us the right to own a gat—if only a Saturday Night Special—is regarded as a sacred frontier legacy and protected by folk beliefs of almost Biblical sanctity. At the moment, 57 per cent of those polled favor restoration of the death penalty—the highest proportion in two decades. What this means is that a majority of the American people put their faith in violence; the gun and the death penalty will protect them even if the police cannot. Despite the upsetting circumstance that some of the best known apostles of "law and order" and "get-tough" measures of all kinds now face the prospect of serving time themselves, the mindless agitation for mandatory sentences, including the death penalty, which began in 1968, continues. The struggle to abolish capital punishment, which has survived similar reversals in the past, will survive this one but until the political skies clear, death rows will have more tenants.

Old South No More

If the metaphor were not so odd, one might say that the ice is breaking up on the Swanee River. Great fissures are cracking across the glacial South, and strange, valiant heads can be seen bobbing up among the floes.

One is that of C.P. Ellis, president of the Durham, N.C. chapter of the Klan *and* president of his union local, about whom Edward McConville writes in this issue (p. 361). Another is Tom Turnipseed of Columbia, S.C., formerly national campaign director for George Wallace and now executive director of the South Carolina Taxpayers Association.

Mr. Turnipseed would be news, if for no other reason, because he stepped recently onto the platform of the South Carolina NAACP Convention to make the following statement: "The entire history of black people in America is one of exploitation by those who have always tried to grow rich and powerful at their expense."

To some elements of the South, Mr. Turnipseed is exceedingly bad news. The Taxpayers Association, of which he is the most visible spokesman, is a budding interracial Populist organization (4,000 members) and it has been going after the state's money elite like a swarm of bees. South Carolina Electric & Gas has been trying to get the Public Service Commission to grant it a 13 to 22 per cent rate increase. This grab was brought to public attention two years ago by two black lawyers in Columbia, Dewey Duckett and Tom Broadwater, but the Taxpayers Association has since made it a top priority issue.

Turnipseed has not been suddenly washed in the blood of the Lamb: his critics point out his connections with segregated private schools and his opposition to bussing. But on bread and butter issues, citizens of the state, black and white, have learned that Governor Wallace's former campaign strategist is pulling no punches and drawing no color lines. "These powerful men," he told the NAACP audience, "don't care a bit about you or your needs, or mine either, for their exploitation of us transcends color. . . ."

Harry Dent, like Turnipseed a white lawyer, has returned to Columbia after serving as an aide to President Nixon and being the acknowledged architect of Nixon's Southern strategy. Dent is not saying much these days, but is believed to have his eye on the South Carolina Governor's office, which becomes vacant next year. If so, he may have to reckon with Turnipseed's Populism. With his still effective Wallace connections, his interracial pronouncements—and with a 4-year-old son named Jefferson Davis Turnipseed—the man is bound to attract a crowd.

One might say as a sour postscript that Turnipseed is probably an ambitious man who knows which way the wind blows. But the secret of keeping the democratic system going is to let politically ambitious men feel appropriate drafts. Whatever the motives of a Turnipseed, the earth moves down South.

Pablo Neruda

Pablo Neruda is dead, reportedly of cancer. His death came within a very few days of that of his friend, Salvador Allende Gossens, reportedly a suicide, but in all likelihood murdered by the forces of the military junta that has seized power in Chile. Neruda was a fervent partisan of the Allende government, though, visionary that he was, he must have regarded it as cautious to the point of half-heartedness in advancing the revolutionary goals which his verses had celebrated unceasingly and done much to make acceptable to so many of his countrymen.

A widely circulated poem ascribed to him, and supposed to have been written on his deathbed, suggests how embarrassing he would have been to the junta had he survived; his attitude to the detention in improvised concentration camps of thousands of Chileans and foreigners, and the shooting of hundreds of the prisoners, would no doubt have found pungent expression in verse, for he was never politic in his opposition to tyranny. In any case his library, which contained many of his manuscripts, was sacked during the military rebellion. Spokesmen for the ruling junta have deplored the destruction of a collection of books and papers that amounted to a national treasure, and of course denied any complicity in that act of barbarism.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

The revolting military chiefs in Chile were not so well advised, and history is likely to judge them infamous.

Neruda's poetry is in general ill-served by its English translations—through no fault of the scholars who have

TSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done the translating, some of them accomplished poets in their own right. The fault lies with the demotic speech that industrial society has fostered, and with the variant employed by literary men writing in English in our day. Poetry is above all the art of evoking powerful emotions through verbal music, and Neruda's exuberant Spanish has its counterpart in the English poetry of the Renaissance rather than in the sober dialect of our contemporary major poets—or the willful stridencies of some of our lesser writers. Neruda in translation tends to sound inflated and bombastic. Nothing could be less true of the original. His unbridled imagination was served by perhaps the most extraordinary linguistic faculty of any modern poet, so that it would not be wholly inappropriate to apply to him Dante's apostrophe:

And are you that Vergil, that wellspring
pouring abroad so ample a stream of speech?

Pablo Neruda's living voice will no doubt continue to hearten and admonish his countrymen. But it seems most likely that when this last sad occasion for his embattled art has been very nearly forgotten, his passionate utterance will still be reckoned among the glories of the Spanish tongue.

THE MULTINATIONALISTS ASSEMBLE

A New Ruling Class for the World

STEVE WEISSMAN

San Francisco

"We are all favored with ringside seats at the battle of the 20th century, the outcome of which will have greater influence on the lives of our children, and their children, than all the military conflicts of this century put together.

"I refer to the growing confrontation between the forces of globalism led by multinational enterprise and the fortresses of nationalism which have been strengthened, at least partially, as a response to the growing impact of the multinational corporation."

So declared Charles W. Robinson, the young president of Marcona Corporation, an international mining and transportation firm, at the fifth quadrennial International Industrial Conference (IIC), which met during the week of September 17 to 21 in San Francisco. Mr. Robinson's prose was overblown, but the sentiments he expressed were standard fare.

Sponsored by the Conference Board and the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) and held in the luxury hotels of Nob Hill and the board rooms of the nearby financial district, the IIC attracted more than 650 senior executives from the biggest banks and industrial firms in seventy countries, along with a rich sprinkling of government and international agency officials. David Rockefeller and Henry Ford, California industrialists David Packard and John McCone, Wall Street investment bankers George Ball and Peter Peterson led the list of American entrepreneurs; similar stars brightened the roster of foreign participants.

"We are, in fact, the architects and operators of the so-called 'establishment' in our respective homelands," IIC chairman Edgar Kaiser told them, and his welcome embraced a member of the Eastern "establishment," as well—Dr. Jermin M. Gvishiani, deputy chairman of the State Committee for Science and Technology of the USSR Council of Ministers and son-in-law of Premier Aleksei Kosygin.

The week produced a mix of loose talk, high society and big business. Much like a flock of Midwestern sociology professors, the graying executives sat long, sleepy hours hearing panel loads of chosen colleagues read aloud already distributed papers on everything from the control of population growth in China to the control of gasoline prices in the United States. They also exchanged practical pointers in smaller, less formal round tables, from which the press was excluded.

"The business types really love the round tables," a conference board official told me. "They are basically lonely men. They generally have to guard every word. They can't admit they don't know an answer. . . . In the round tables they can let their hair down."

In the evenings the participants "and their ladies" supped in formal splendor in the chic restaurants and elegant homes of America's most cosmopolitan town. Wealth overflowed: the wife of Sony president Akio Morita was relieved of $37,000 worth of jewelry by one unconventional entrepreneur, and the honest thieves in the local tourist traps did almost as well.

"The meeting offers an exchange of views, information about problems, and a place to meet people who might later become business partners," explained Kaiser in an interview with Ralph Craib of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "At the very first meeting, I met men from India and learned about their aluminum problems. . . . Today, we have a $60 million aluminum and cement operation in India."

There were no votes, no resolutions, no public commitments at the conference—only a $1 million marketplace of ideas and a unique opportunity to hear the public thoughts and chance conversations of a newly emerging international ruling class. The theme of this year's IIC was "Business Enterprise and the Public Interest," which translated into a spirited celebration of the multinational

Steve Weissman works for the Pacific Study Center in East Palo Alto, Calif. He is editor of the forthcoming The Trojan Horse: The Strange Politics of Foreign Aid (*Ramparts*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corporation—"that most efficient instrument for optimizing the benefits of our finite global resources"—and a defiant defense against its many critics.

Multinational business was "at bay," the multinational businessmen warned. Host countries like Chile were staging "a frontal attack," threatening expropriation and branding the multinationals as "dangerous agents of imperialism." Home countries like the United States were "nipping at their heels," threatening measures like the Burke-Hartke bill to restrict job-exporting trade and investment—"the most retrogressive piece of legislation since the Smoot-Hawley Tariff."

"We have even permitted, without effective contradiction, the concept to be floated that a businessman who talks to his elected representative is somehow evil, and that his voice should not be heard on matters of policy," complained Walter B. Wriston, chairman of the $30 billion First National City Bank.

But the international industrialists would not be stopped by the newly protectionist officials of organized labor, "the canny bureaucrats," or "yesterday's liberals" with "their outworn doctrine of a controlled economy." For they—and not their critics—were the ever disturbing "agents of change."

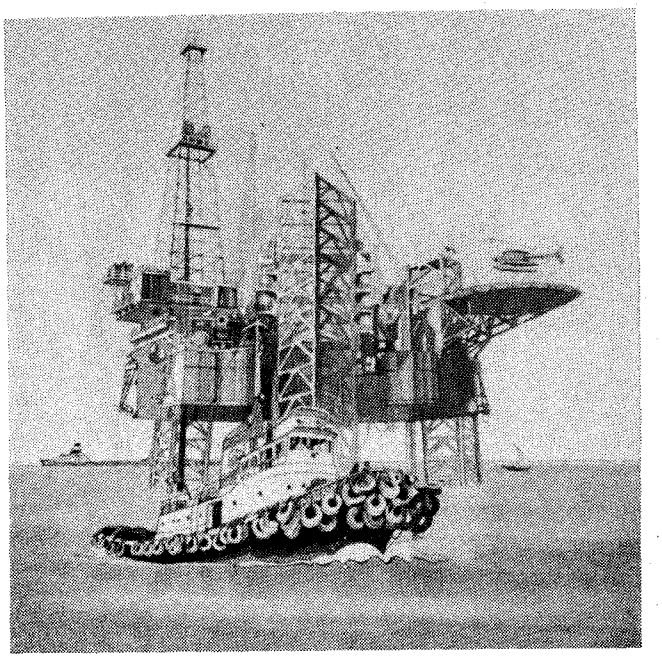
"The development of the world corporation into a truly multinational organization has produced a group of managers of many nationalities whose perceptions of the needs and wants of the human race know no boundaries," Wriston explained.

"They really believe in one world. They understand with great clarity that the payrolls and jobs furnished by the world corporation exceed profits by a factor of twenty to one. They know that there can be no truly profitable markets where poverty is the rule of life. They are a group which recognizes no distinction because of color or sex, since they understand with the clarity born of experience that talent is the commodity in shortest supply in the world," Wall Street's biggest banker went on to say:

"They are managers who are against the partitioning of the world, not only upon a political or theoretical basis, but on the pragmatic ground that the planet has become too small and that our fate has become too interwoven one with the other to engage in the old nationalistic games that have so long diluted the talent, misused the resources, and dissipated the energy of mankind."

The new multinationalists were, in Wriston's view, the proud descendants of the merchant princes who struggled against the medieval guilds, the free traders against the mercantilist state, the independent entrepreneurs of the industrial revolution against the 19th-century imperialists and the 20th-century totalitarians. "In the ancient struggle between those who believe in an open society where men, money and ideas can move freely across national borders and those who would return to the jungle of economic nationalism, the men and women of the world corporations may furnish a new weight in the balance."

Friends of freedom, the businessmen praised the recent pursuit of peace with Russia, China and Eastern Europe, while mildly criticizing the remaining Western barriers to trade. It was hard to remember that many of these new enthusiasts had earlier championed the cold war, though Dr. Bernhard Plettner of West Germany's giant Siemens Electric did find "the expectations associated in some quarters with East-West trade to be unrealistic, just as unrealistic as the hope that the Soviet political and economic system will undergo a basic transformation as a result of opening up to the West."



Penny Williams, Aramco World

In the Arabian Gulf

Predictably, the multinationalists deemed themselves far ahead of their critics in understanding the need for reform, particularly in dealings with the less developed countries. "Clemenceau once forecast that the British Empire in India would founder, not on the rocks of political injustice, but of social insult. This is the problem of the multinationals," warned Sir Ernest Woodroofe, chairman of the British-Dutch Unilever, one of the handful of corporations actually owned and controlled by citizens of more than a single country.

Woodroofe's solution was "to be as little foreign as possible without interfering with the efficiency of the enterprise." He suggested a large degree of autonomy for local employees and even part ownership of subsidiaries by nationals—private citizens, institutions, or governments. "Although in most countries local participation has no significant bearing on the economy of the host country, it has a significant cosmetic effect politically in some countries—and beauty is in the eye of the beholder," the international soap maker explained.

Woodroofe was less an internationalist when it came to labor, and particularly the formation of multinational union councils to take on the multinational corporations. "I do not see how they are to resolve the problems of representing satisfactorily groups of workers in a number of countries whose interests in investment are likely to be in conflict. Moreover, there is a real threat of damage to good industrial relations at the national level."

Woodroofe preferred to see labor negotiations "conducted by the managements of national subsidiary com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panies with full autonomy on the spot," and specifically warned against "any temptation to use our multinationality to increase our power to bargain.

"Strike breaking at the international level and attempts at bluff by threats of divestment will provoke the very international reactions in the unions which will ultimately stifle progress," he predicted.

Other speakers, including West Germany's Minister of Finance Helmut Schmidt, urged an international code of conduct for the multinationals, like the unofficial International Investment Charter pioneered by SRI and the Pacific Basin Economic Council.

"The multinational corporate executive—the new globalist—not only has a responsibility but a great opportunity to help bring order to international investment," counseled Marcona's Robinson. "The alternative is a hodgepodge of nationalistic restrictions throughout the world."

In Robinson's view, the present reaction to the multinationals was "a global parallel" to our own turn of the century Populist and Progressive eras. "The small local or regional corporations suddenly leaped onto the national stage and the citizens of the United States . . . brought new legislation in the form of anti-trust laws" against the "unbridled, undisciplined economic power." Today there is "rapid development of the multinational corporations," and "citizens of both developed and developing nations will demand a greater say in the way their lives are to be affected by international business decisions."

The problem, Robinson emphasized, is that today "there is no governmental mechanism to apply uniform policies and restrictions in the international theatre. As a result, we face a tangled web of politically inspired nationalistic responses creating an atmosphere of uncertainty and fear with regard to the future of both international trade and investment."

But if Robinson has his way, as did the more enlightened businessmen of the earlier "Age of Reform," new multilateral agencies will soon link the concerns of the present General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) and International Monetary Fund (IMF), and also "establish and administer guidelines for overseas investment, and the functioning of multinational enterprise."

The IIC itself bridged the GATT talks in Tokyo and the IMF conference in Nairobi, and several speakers focused on the growing linkage between trade and monetary policy. Antonio Ortiz Mena, president of the Inter-American Development Bank, endorsed the widespread proposal to use special drawing rights as a chief vehicle to increase development aid, while Finance Minister Schmidt viewed the idea as a threat to monetary stability.

The IIC also tried to erect a bridge between the environmental movement, which many of the businessmen had initially financed, and the growing concern over "the energy crisis."

"We must develop new energy and mineral resources and distribute them equitably," urged Deputy Atty. Gen. William D. Ruckelshaus, the former director of the Environmental Protection Agency. "We must conserve energy and recycle our wastes. We must cut consumption whenever possible, both overall and per capita. We must stop the growth of population and take a very critical look at economic growth itself where it serves no useful social purpose."

It was one of the more demanding calls to action, and the Russian Gvishiani was probably answering for his capitalist colleagues when he condemned "the modern Humanists who propose giving up economic growth."

Union Oil's Fred Hartley was also quite impassioned, predicting sky-high prices for petroleum products, while the Saudi Arabian minister of petroleum, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, hinted that his government might cut back rather than increase its oil production. Yamani repeated his previous demand that oil-consumer nations pay prices high enough to finance the industrialization of Saudi Arabia, "to build a substitute for our resources when they are gone."

"Mineral and energy resources will become less assured and increasingly expensive, forcing a slowdown in economic growth rates in the developed countries," explained Robinson. "We in the United States can no longer proceed on the assumption that 6 per cent of the world's population have a God-given right to consume one-third of the total available resources, as is the case today." Robinson noted that his company "is moving ahead rapidly in the development of a basic steel industry in Saudi Arabia, utilizing gas which is now being flared in that country."

The non-Arab oil producers were also represented, with high-level contingents from Iran, Venezuela and Indonesia. SRI has been particularly active in Indonesia, sponsoring an investment meeting in Djakarta right after the military seized control in the mid-1960s, and encouraging the Pacific-Indonesia Business Association.

Several Chilean business leaders had been expected, including the chairman and the vice president of the leading pro-junta newspaper, *El Mercurio*. But they never arrived, much to the dismay of waiting reporters, while the interruption of air travel delayed the chairman of the U.N. Population Conference, Anthony Carillo-Flores, who had been visiting Chile at the time the military struck.

Opponents of the counterrevolution did show up, however, as 200 to 250 young radicals directed a hastily scheduled demonstration against the multinationalists in general, and specifically against John McCone, former chief of the CIA and a director of the anti-Allende ITT.

"They talk of 'corporate responsibility,' " declared Elizabeth Farnsworth of the Berkeley-based North American Congress on Latin America. "The working people can tell you about 'corporate responsibility'—for food prices, for gasoline shortages, for inflation. And the people of Chile can tell you about 'corporate responsibility,' too—for the economic blockade, for the CIA, and for what the military junta called its 'Operation Djakarta.' "

Noting that Lehman Brothers' president Peter Peterson would address the IIC that evening, Farnsworth detailed how he had organized the blockade of Chile while serving as Secretary of Commerce and chief of President Nixon's Council on International Economic Policy.

Peterson did not respond, but one well-groomed industrialist standing across the street from the demonstrators did shake his head sadly at the spectacle.

"The International Industrial Conference," he explained, "had nothing to do with politics." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTRAIT OF A KLANSMAN

The Prophetic Voice of C.P. Ellis

EDWARD McCONVILLE

Durham

C.P. Ellis is president of the Durham, N.C. chapter of the United Klans of America, Inc. He is also president of his local union, which he insists he organized on an integrated basis. He continues to "love George Wallace as a man, and for what he said"; but as a member of Durham's Human Relations Commission, he advocates stronger enforcement powers for the city's anti-discrimination agency, because "It's hard to get people to do what they ought to on racial matters. We need to encourage 'em to do what they ought to do."

A political split personality? Not when placed in the context of the rapid but uneven pace of change in the South today. An unprincipled opportunist? Hardly, though the charge will continue to be hurled at C.P. Ellis from both left and right.

This man's struggle toward his present political eclecticism makes vivid the limitations of our prevailing political categories and social assumptions. His life, a product of the jarring transformation of Southern political, social and economic institutions, is as revealing of the current state of these institutions as any bare structural analysis is ever likely to be.

Claiborne P. Ellis springs from roots that are indistinguishable from those of the bulk of Southern poor whites. His parents left the economic uncertainties of farm life to work for the low but steady wages offered by a small textile mill in rural North Carolina. When this factory closed, they moved on to other mill jobs in "the city." Most of the work force in Durham's flourishing textile and tobacco industries shared their rural heritage, which emphasized fundamentalism in religion and a rugged individualism in economics. This latter cultural belief (with its insistence that, when it came to earning one's living, every man got precisely what he deserved) must have seemed somewhat less credible in an impersonal industrial center than it had in communities of small, individual farms. But if the working out of its logic sometimes seemed excessively harsh to these new urbanites, there was always the consolation that there existed a group of individuals far more undeserving than themselves: the rootless blacks who could not even secure monotonous mill jobs.

Ellis' father hoped that his son could escape the mills by staying in school long enough to attract the attention of a major-league baseball scout. But the boy's athletic ambitions were curtailed in the 8th grade, when his father died of a respiratory ailment. (He believes that his father's shortness of breath was caused by inhalation of cotton dust on the job. Company-financed medical researchers had not yet "discovered" byssinosis, or brown lung disease.) Like many another young poor white then and today, Ellis did not immediately resent the economic imperatives which forced him to leave a public school system which was at best irrelevant to his personal interests and vocational needs, and which, at its worst, seemed determined to destroy his self-esteem.

As the South's economic base was broadening from manufacturing to service industries, Ellis was able to avoid mill work by finding a series of jobs as salesman and service-station attendant. He married at 19, to begin what he describes as a "bitter struggle" to support his wife and four children, one of them blind and retarded. Some of the pressure was relieved when he opened his own gas station, but a heart attack forced him to sell it. Today, at 46, he works as a semi-skilled plumber and handyman at Duke University, Durham's largest employer.

Ellis' inevitable resentment at the economic severity of his life found a familiar outlet, and in the 1960s he made an organizational affiliation common at the time among all but the more apathetic men of his class. "All my life, I've loved people, when it comes to individuals," he said. "I became a racist because I grew up in the South, was taught to hate niggers, was taught that they were the enemy, and I was taught that they were trying to steal the white woman. . . . I couldn't stand to see these blacks come up in higher positions than I was. And we were fighting it. It was a fight for self-respect. And I got bitter and I got mad and I wanted to do something to stop it, and I joined the Klan. Couple of years I was vice president. Third year I was the president in Durham. I joined it because I wanted to stop what I honestly thought was wrong."

Ellis does not deny having made violent assaults upon blacks. While he has arrived at a painful understanding of the social causes of racial violence, he makes no attempt to evade the moral responsibility stemming from his personal involvement in it. Neither does he let his sense of guilt for past actions paralyze his efforts to chart a new political course for himself and any other poor whites hardy enough to follow him.

If the Klan has its well-publicized ugly side, it also serves some legitimate social functions. For lower- and lower-middle-class Southern males, membership in the Klan has long provided the only secular arena in which they have been able to exert whatever leadership capabilities they might possess. It also renders various services to the poor white community, ranging from charitable activities to an informal counseling and crisis-intervention service. As a Klan leader, Ellis is expected to help solve the marital, occupational and financial problems of his constituents. He has spent an increasing portion of his time in recent years interceding with school officials on behalf of worried parents, who feel more alienated than

Edward McConville has spent the last three years working as a community organizer with OEO and free-lance reporter in the South. He has been actively involved in a number of union organizing campaigns in North Carolina, and plans to specialize in the reporting of labor relations after doing graduate work in journalism at Northwestern University.

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever from the public school system. It was his involvement with school problems that eventually propelled him far beyond his accustomed ideological orbit.

From his earliest days in the Klan, he began to question the organization's extreme willingness to do favors for the affluent white leadership of Durham, and that leadership's unspoken assumption that it was the Klan's place to do the dirty work, theirs to reap the resulting benefits. Almost immediately after assuming the presidency of the Durham Klan, he persuaded its membership to adopt a policy of open political participation at public meetings. This practice of clearly identifying oneself as a Klansman, putting forward a "Klan position" on a particular issue, represented a sharp break with the group's traditionally secretive methods of operation. Ellis hoped that the use of open advocacy would make poor whites the beneficiaries of their own political initiatives. Predictably, however, the Durham Klan's open appearance on the political stage only further convinced him of his organization's completely subordinate position in Southern politics.

"My people are becoming part of the oppression I helped to create," he said recently, recalling his early tenure at the head of the Klan. After a brief, painful pause he continued, ruefully recounting example after example of his manipulation at the hands of the local power structure. Politicians and prominent businessmen would call to tell him that a group of militant blacks planned to attend public hearings to protest this or that, and would he please make sure the Klan was there, "to balance things out"? "We would show up with our guns in our belts," he said. "And then the next day I would see the same city official on the street and expect him to come up and thank me. And instead he would cross to the other side of the street to keep from meeting me. I found out that we were being used to keep those folks in power. And I decided that we weren't going to be used any more."

C.P. Ellis' disillusionment with his class's traditional understanding of their economic and social roles grew to uncomfortable proportions. "There was a constant turmoil going on inside of me. I'd lay awake many nights, thinking about what I should do. I didn't know which way to go." It was while he was in this frame of mind that he was approached with an unusual invitation, one that a Klansman would not ordinarily be expected to consider graciously, much less to accept.

The North Carolina AFL-CIO had received a grant from the federal government in 1971, to sponsor a "charette" (a ten-day series of mass discussions and encounter-group workshops) focusing on community attitudes toward Durham's newly integrated school system. The idea was to get people from every sector of the community to agree to come together and listen to one another's complaints and fears about the sometimes unbearable tension in the schools. It was hoped that the exchange so produced would lead black and white parents to see that they shared many of the same concerns about their schools. The organizers of the project decided to select the charette's co-chairmen from the opposite ends of Durham's political and racial spectra. That meant Ellis, who at the time was still making stridently conservative statements, and Ann Atwater, a huge black woman who was considered an extremist even in her own community.

Despite his desperate search for alternatives to conventional Klan activities, Ellis remained an unabashed racist, and was reluctant to take such a prominent part in the charette.

> It was very difficult for me to agree to work with Ann Atwater, who at one time was my most bitter enemy. I hated her guts, so to speak, because any time I'd go downtown she'd be boycotting some white merchant. It wouldn't take long for her to run 'em out of business, too. I really hated her.
>
> But I saw in this school program an opportunity to help some white people who'd been calling me almost constantly with problems in the schools, saying, "Now you're the head of the Klan; help us with this." And I would always respond. I'd go to the superintendent, the principal and the teacher. And many times it was not something racial; just the school not giving the boy a chance. But they would shake. They were afraid. You know, the word "Klan" just scared those superintendents. And one time [when] I'd come on the school grounds, first thing they'd called the sheriff and had me hauled off. 'Fraid there was going to be a racial fight. So I began working in this program; began working with people who I'd been opposed to.

Local anti-poverty workers sneered at the charette as a naive attempt to apply group therapy techniques to what were essentially social conflicts, an approach which they believed would result in defusing poor people's anger at the representatives of the local power structure on the school board. Their assumption, that low-income parents of either race were more interested in storming City Hall than in improving the atmosphere for their children's education, is highly questionable. Conservatives, on the other hand, saw the structured forum as a tinderbox, which could result in anything but the preservation of Durham's (and, by extension, the South's) *status quo*. Ms. Atwater was accused by blacks of "selling out" by working with a Klansman. Nor was the poor white community overjoyed by the spectacle of their unofficial spokesman publicly associating with a black woman. "People'd call me at night," said Ellis. "And they'd threaten me and say, 'Now we're goin' t' kill you, you so n' so. You're co-operatin' with niggers and liberals and we're goin' to kill you.' I said, 'Well, you'll have to get in line, buddy, 'cause you're not the first call I've received today.' "

It is difficult to measure the overall effect of the school charette on Durham race relations, but there can be no doubt that it profoundly altered the racial attitudes of C.P. Ellis. He came to the early sessions bristling with resentment. "Some of the teachers," he recalls, "had looked down their nose[s] at our children because we were Klansmen, because I was a leader here in Durham, because I was outspoken. My boy had two or three liberal teachers. And this one liberal teacher, every chance he got he'd cut at me in front of the class. And my son would come home sometime[s] in the afternoon in literal tears because of the way he was treated. This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discouraged my boy. In fact, he almost wanted to quit school. But he wasn't old enough. I said, 'Son, don't quit. Keep on.' "

But before Ellis could express his outrage at the teacher's misuse of his classroom, Ann Atwater rose to speak. "I began to hear her talk about her daughter, especially," he remembers:

> Her daughter was looked down upon and discriminated against in school by some of her black teachers because she [Ms. Atwater] was a black militant. And she would tell how her daughter would come home sometime[s] crying in the afternoon. And I thought, Why, same thing's happening to my boy. See, because I was a militant Klansman, my boy was being treated worse than the dickens. And I began to hear, I never will forget, a young black girl standing before one of our committees, saying, "I became violent because my teacher has stood before the class and openly said, 'You are stupid. . . .' And I thought, my God, what would that do to me? And I began to see. I not only began to hear what people were saying, but I could feel it, see? How would I feel if I was in her place? As I began to see that these black people had the same basic feelings that I had, I said, "Here we have been fighting one another for years [but] we're all in the same boat, and we been catching hell from the same crowd that has control." And I just simply began to see that they were human beings just like I was, but with a different color and a different culture.

Ms. Atwater responded in similar terms to Ellis' expressions of angry concern over the schools' handling of poor white students. The result has been an effective and continuing working relationship. The unlikely pair made speaking tours of major Northeastern cities which were having "school problems" of their own. Their biracial dialogue proved to be a catalyst which often provoked "violent reactions" from their listeners. They were confronted by one hostile, racially mixed audience in a Pittsburgh television studio. "There was a big black man with an African haircut," recalled Ellis. "After we had turned it over for questions, he began to roar. I mean he was so loud he shook the audience we was in. 'We're gonna' burn all the schools down, the City Hall, and this damn television station.' So Ann set there and listened to him, and she said, 'Why don't you shut up long enough for somebody to talk some sense'? And this fella' just melted like an ice-cream cone in a fire. And before that meeting was over, he had a cooperative attitude. And I had to tell some of the white people who were saying things like 'We don't want to go to school with these damn niggers.' I mean they would say it openly on television. I said, 'Well, now folks, lemme tell you something. We been through it down South. We didn't want to go to school with them "damn niggers," either. But we realized that this is federal law. We realized that we must abide by the law. Now don't come crying on our shoulder. Don't point your fingers at us. You people do what we had to do and shut up.' And as a result of this, these people were actually talking to one another. Now people say, 'That's an impossible dream.' I don't believe it's impossible because I've seen it happen too many times. . . . Damn, I'm tired of fighting. I can fight. I got guns, got one in my car. I can fight if I have to. But I don't want to fight, and I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of fighting people in the same economic status I'm in. I'm ready to turn the guns on somebody else. The 'figurative' guns, as they say."

Experienced organizers point out that "getting it all together" is only the first, and in many cases the easiest, step in the long process of securing social change. The formulation and implementation of strategies to force shifts in the balance of power is generally much more difficult. Nor should it be supposed that either C.P. Ellis or Ann Atwater speak for anything approaching a majority of their respective racial communities. But given the social and racial history of the South, their personal collaboration can only be seen as the clearing of an extremely important initial hurdle, without which there could be no realistic discussion of various approaches to further obstacles.

C. P. Ellis

Shortly after the charette, Lloyd Jacobs, a more conventional Klansman and long-time "law and order" candidate for public office, decided to contest Ellis' local presidency. Jacobs' campaign stressed the need for a return to racial orthodoxy. Klan elections are usually *pro forma* affairs, much like stockholder or union elections, with more than 90 per cent of the votes generally going to the incumbent. Ellis retained his office by a modest majority of 60 per cent of the ballots cast, and he owed his relatively narrow victory more to personal loyalties and the membership's respect for his leadership abilities

LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than to any ideological agreement. But a handful of Durham's Klansmen have begun to move to his politico-racial position, which identifies the white businessman, rather than the destitute black, as the primary cause of the poor whites' overwhelming economic troubles. As of the last local election, held in December 1972, Ellis had reconsolidated his support so completely that no one bothered to run against him. North Carolina's state affiliate to the United Klans has failed to invite him to the last two statewide meetings. Rather than permanently antagonize a group which he still has hopes of "persuading," he chooses not to force the issue of his chapter's disenfranchisement.

Support has come to C.P. Ellis from unexpected quarters in the last few years. "When white people had problems they needed help with in the city, a lot of times I would approach a certain white legislator with the problems and he wouldn't give me any help. So I said, 'O.K., I'll turn around and call some black man.' And immediately he'd respond to my needs and get behind it and help this person I wanted to help. Now, how can I help but respect the black politician who'll help me when the white one won't? He helped me because he's been through it himself. He knows what it is to have problems when nobody'd help him with 'em."

Several influential black Democrats privately supported Ellis when he ran for the Durham County School Board in 1972. The hard-headed Durham Committee on Negro Affairs (DCNA) did not endorse him publicly because it feared resentment from its own community and, more to the point, because Ellis could not promise to deliver any significant number of poor white votes to the black candidate. But the mere fact that a Klansman went before a caucus of black politicians to bargain is a major step in a totally new direction.

Ellis' advocacy of joint economic initiatives by low-income blacks and whites is expressed concretely in his union activities. Effectively blocked in the textile mills, the Southern labor movement has redirected its organizing energies toward the region's burgeoning service industries. Few service jobs are covered by federal minimum wage laws. The cost of living in most of the urban Southeast, long cited by industry as a justification for its Southern "wage differential," has risen to levels approaching those in Northern cities. These developments have not been lost on C.P. Ellis. "Until recent years, I was very opposed to organized labor," he said. "I looked at some of the leaders as radicals, far-out left wingers. Maybe Wilbur [state AFL-CIO president Wilbur Hobby] is classified as a radical, but, in order for us to have opportunities for a decent life, we're going to have to become radical. I'm convinced of that."

When more than 700 black campus and hospital workers at Duke gained union recognition and an equitable contract from the university in early 1972, Ellis realized that he and his counterparts in the maintenance department would also need the protection of collective bargaining. Faced with a budget squeeze, a university, like any other institution, concentrates its savings on the points of least resistance. Ellis approached the International Union of Operating Engineers (IUOE), which quickly sent in an organizer. A union representation election was scheduled for December 5, 1972.

Since he estimated that nearly 80 per cent of the employees in the bargaining unit stipulated by the NLRB's election order were either Klan members or sympathizers, Ellis felt no compelling need to court the votes of black maintenance workers. However, he wanted to minimize any divisive racial tensions within his own untested local, and between it and the black service workers union (AFSCME Local 77). Therefore, he insisted that his International "send down a black representative, so that he and I could go around and visit the black workers to show them that we wanted them in this thing right from the start." Of the eighty-eight validated ballots, seventy indicated a preference for union representation.

During the protracted contract negotiations which followed the election, Ellis constantly reminded his co-workers that their union would need the loyalty of every man in the maintenance department if it was to press their demands effectively. "It's helped out not only me," he said of the experience shortly before he signed his local's first contract on May 16, "but it's helped every [white] man in the bargaining unit, because we realize now that some of our strongest supporters in the maintenance department are black people."

Ellis believes that this kind of awakening among poor whites is "very disturbing to those who are in control, because they know that once we can get past some of the deep, built-in racial feelings that we have, and we can come together in some mass movement, their days are numbered. We're going to have people in office that really represent poor people. They're aware of this, and I believe that the officials in the city of Durham are shaking in their boots over the possibility of it happening."

In what he believes was an attempt to co-opt "the possibility of it happening," the City Council offered Ellis a position on Durham's Human Relations Commission at the end of 1972. He accepted, and, as he gleefully relates, "I turned on them that put me on there, and now they don't know what they're going to do with me." Rather than creating a stalemate with black commission members over the occurrence of discrimination in specific instances, he has acknowledged its widespread practice in Durham and pushed for greater authority to punish racial discrimination in housing, employment and public accommodations.

Durham's tiny liberal community has responded to Ellis' initiatives with a great deal of ambivalence. The older leadership, which has been frustrated too many times to remain unaware of local political realities, can appreciate the quality of his social courage and the opportunities it may some day afford them. This experienced nucleus realizes that an electoral alliance with the county's large number of powerless poor whites offers liberals their only possible escape from an inconsequential minority status. "Jack Preiss and Elizibeth Tornquist have been wonderful to me these last few years," says Ellis. "They've encouraged me in what I was doing." Preiss is a Duke sociologist whose talent for devising effective political strategies has served him well both as a city councilman and as chairman of the local McGovern organization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Tornquist is a writer and consultant with an intimate knowledge of Durham politics.

However, the majority of Durham's liberals are much less aware of the nature of their city's social ills. Relatively young, occupationally and geographically mobile, and more often than not connected with Duke University (which chooses to see itself as an island of Northern rationality in a sea of Southern madness), they are typically more interested in discussing national political issues than in working to shape local ones. Given this "broad," unfocused outlook, they generally regard Ellis with an attitude at once blasé and moralistic. "Well, it's about time one of those people did something decent," many of them seem to be saying. Their guilty response to the racial oppression of one group of poor people has produced a vindictive toleration for the economic exploitation of another.

The selective social conscience which seems to characterize all too many liberals has seriously damaged their credibility in the eyes of Southern workingmen like Ellis. "The greatest damage the liberal in this country today has done," says Ellis, "is to talk about discrimination, but to do nothing about it when it's some white man involved. For years they've been telling me, 'Let's look past the color; let's look past the length of the hair; let's not put a label on people.' And finally I got to the place where I was able to say, 'O.K., let's do it.' But then they couldn't do it, see? They couldn't look past my Klan label and give me a chance. And I've said to them, 'You're a damn liar, and you won't do it. You don't believe in equal opportunities for everybody.' And that's what's made the average citizen bitter at the liberal today."

Ellis' penchant for provocative statements has done nothing to improve his image among some potential allies. When a controversy arose over the public school's ban on some cherished relics of the Southern past, he said with complete sincerity, "You know, these kids were raised in the South, and to them, you know, 'Dixie' and the Confederate flag was just part of their culture. And to many of them it doesn't mean anything more racial than the black and green and red flag means to black kids. That's something the blacks can relate to. All right, the Confederate flag to most young [white] people today, is just something that they can relate to. In order to build understanding in America today, we've got to come to the place where we can say, 'O.K.,' let us have this. If you want to relate to Martin Luther King or Malcolm X, then that's your thing; you relate to that. But you're not gonna' take away what we want and you have what you want!" This argument for cultural pluralism and tolerance is no less reasonable than those advanced by many other ethnic groups and subcultures, past and present. However, in an era when social issues are perceived largely in terms of symbol, and when certain groups are assumed to be the sole repositories of good or evil, such a statement cannot but seem the epitome of racist obscurantism to many less than dispassionate observers.

Ellis describes his positions on most issues as radical. And, by comparison with those held by about every other public figure in North Carolina today, they are. But his basic view of his world, and therefore of politics, is more akin to liberalism than Marxism. He believes that "Our system of government is a good system of government, if it was run like it ought to be run. I don't want to destroy capitalism. I want private industry to continue to exist, but I want them to give us a fair share of what's being taken home. . . . I guess I'm bitter. I'm bitter because I look back over the years and I see what's happened to the workingman, what's happened to the poor man. Now, many people don't have the ability to move up, or they have no desire to move up. But I'm bitter because those who want to move up are not being given an opportunity to, because of the fact that they have a label, because of the fact that, economically, they're at the bottom of the ladder. Many of those people have the ability to climb up that ladder, but they're not being given an opportunity, and I'm just simply mad as hell about it. . . . I hope there's some way for America, that we can get us to get it together, not [to] take over and destroy our system of government, but to make the folks give us a damn opportunity."

The question of opportunity lies at the core of C.P. Ellis' hopes and anxieties, and comprises the central element in his political thinking. It is the common ideological root from which all of his seemingly incompatible viewpoints spring. He sees a biracial mass movement as an absolutely necessary step, not in a revolutionary process leading to economic equality but in the direction of increased opportunity for those individuals with the skill and initiative to take advantage of it. If he admires George Wallace, it is because the Alabama Governor was the first major political figure to raise a question concerning the denial of opportunity to the families of blue-collar workers. (He also feels that Wallace can never be the political savior that many poor whites still hope he will be, because his racial views preclude the possibility of his ever taking part in a black-white coalition.) Ellis accepted organized labor when he realized that wage earners must possess a secure economic foundation before either they or their children can even begin to think about advancement. In his role as a Human Relations Commissioner, he can sympathize with blacks who encounter discrimination in the job market, because their feelings of anger and hopelessness reflect his own when confronted with the lack of basic opportunities.

His attitude toward the problem of crime and violence is a direct outgrowth of his concern with the issue of equal opportunity. "This country created this monster, violence and crime," he said. "I believe, basically, because they won't give people an opportunity. I think about the black man who stood on top of the Holiday Inn in New Orleans and shot seven white people. My immediate reaction was, 'That black son of a bitch!' But then I think. I say, 'Wait a minute. Maybe that fellow has been through some of the bitter, disappointing experiences I've been through in my life, and that's the reason he's up there.' Why do Klan people get out there in the corn field and have speeches and rallies? Why do they become violent? Why do they sometimes kill? 'Cause nobody wants to listen. Nobody wants to give 'em a chance. Basically, I believe that everybody has something he wants to contribute to America. And once you try to say something

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and people turn their back on you, and make little of you and your abilities, it makes you mad."

Most blacks and white liberals remain skeptical of Ellis because of his "label," but the leadership of these groups respects him as a person and a potential political force. Some people take an "Is this nut for real?" approach, while it is probably true that most Durhamites just plain don't know what to make of him. Whether they understand his political positions or not, many poor whites identify with his desire to gain respect from the larger society without denying his class and regional origins. Southern liberals seek America's acceptance by dissociating themselves from all things Southern. This position is impossible for someone from Ellis' background.

C.P. Ellis is not a typical Klansman, not even a typical Southerner. But he may be a prophetic one. He hardly fits the description of the legendary town crank, who came by his odd, progressive ideas in an isolated corner of the local public library. His ideological transformation was a response to social and economic conditions which are becoming more prevalent in the South today. "I wasn't made to change," he said. "I changed because I saw the necessity for it. I had to change."

The diversification of the region's once monolithic economy, an increase in the number of integrated work places, and the rise of trade unionism have combined to offer the promise of renewed opportunity to large numbers of Southern workingmen. Many of them originally joined the Klan because, like Ellis, they saw no escape from the contemptible status assigned to "white trash." If these emerging opportunities can be expanded and kept reasonably open, the most determined of these men will inevitably duplicate his adoption of those alternative modes of thinking and acting which may lead to greater economic security and social respect. However, if these new-found doors to personal and collective advancement are completely closed to poor whites (whether by industrialists, conservative politicians or the increasingly influential liberals), the future social development of the South will bear a grim resemblance to its past. □

LATIN AMERICA'S TRAGEDY

ILLUSIONS OF AGRARIAN REFORM

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

"There's nothing wrong in Colombia," they say, in this twelfth year of a "progressive and equitable" agrarian reform. All the talk of discontent on the farms is really Communist propaganda, and any peasant arrested by the police obviously has to be a Communist agitator because Colombia's humble, obedient, illiterate and undernourished *campesinos* would never invade an hacienda or contest the rights of a "patron" if some outsider had not put crazy ideas into his head. Besides, the World Bank says Colombia's agrarian reform is a model program.

No doubt, as models go, Colombia's agrarian reform program is good—the army does not butcher large numbers of peasants, as has been the practice in El Salvador. But in most other respects, Colombia's program is an example of the economic underdevelopment, political narrowness and rural poverty that pass for agrarian reform in Latin America. With few exceptions, and these are questionable, the agrarian reform programs undertaken by fifteen Latin American countries have served only to worsen the condition of the rural poor. Even the Agency for International Development (AID), that famous purveyor of unrealistic, made-in-the-U.S. reforms, has had to admit, finally, that it has been singularly unsuccessful in persuading Latin American governments to redistribute land.

Today, twelve years after the Alliance for Progress was founded to "encourage programs of comprehensive agrarian reform," 3 to 8 per cent of the farms in Latin America occupy 60 to 70 per cent of the productive land, while 75 to 80 per cent of the farms, each smaller than 12 acres, cover only 5 to 10 per cent. The disparity is even greater in some other countries. In Ecuador, for example, 100,000 farms, each smaller than 2.5 acres, cover only 1 per cent of the total agricultural land, while 700 farms, each larger than 2,500 acres, control one-third.

Meanwhile, agricultural production can barely keep pace with the 2.5 per cent annual increase in Latin America's burgeoning population; indeed, the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America believes that per capita production has actually declined from its pre-World War II low. Although half of Latin America's labor force is engaged in agriculture, millions are migrating to the cities, with the result that the urban population is growing by 4.7 per cent a year compared to an already high 1.6 per cent in rural areas.

Crime, violence and social upheaval have kept pace with the statistics, yet the rich, the politically powerful and even the U.S.-trained technocrats seem hardly to comprehend what is in the newspapers every day. Chile's Marxist revolution (now overthrown), Fidel Castro's Cuba and the long-ago Mexican and Bolivian revolutions belong to another world, another time.

But in fact there is no magic wand that can whisk away underdevelopment without land redistribution because, as Arnold Toynbee pointed out, agrarian reform is the starting point for everything else in Latin America.

Of all the stereotyped arguments against agrarian re-

Penny Lernoux is South American correspondent in Bogotá for Copley News Service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form, the most popular is food scarcity. According to the large landowners, agrarian reform causes panic in the countryside, forcing ranchers to reduce or stop all capital investment. Moreover, it chops up large, economically viable holdings into small unprofitable family plots. Agricultural production plummets, food prices soar, inflation spirals, the balance of payments trembles, and social unrest in the cities becomes a serious political problem. So many government planners and politicians have swallowed this argument that the mere mention of food scarcities is sufficient to cause panic at the local agrarian reform institute.

Farmers have complained about bad weather, poor prices and uncertain crops ever since man planted his first corn patch, but "to say that climatic conditions, rain in some periods, drought in others, which can cause scarcity in certain aspects of agricultural production, are the fault of agrarian reform is not true because production actually has been increasing," says Colombia's ex-President Carlos Lleras Restrepo, one of the few administrators in Colombian history to show any concern for the peasant, if not the lone exception to the rule. Nor does agrarian reform have to multiply small holdings; indeed, its goal is quite the opposite—larger family farms (up to 400 acres) or cooperatives composed of privately owned plots which productively employ the peasant, provide his family with a decent living and allow him to compete with the large landowner in price and productivity. The "large, economically viable holdings" so frequently mentioned by their wealthy owners are, in fact, uneconomical from the state's point of view because they are underfarmed.

Studies in Latin America and Asia show output per unit of land in developing nations is inversely related to farm size, or in other words the smaller the plot, the higher the yield. In India, for example, the largest farm produces only 70 per cent of the smallest farm's yield; in Brazil, large estates account for only 42 per cent of the production of a farm of less than 25 acres, while in Colombia the disparity is even greater with haciendas yielding only 34 per cent of the produce of a 2.5-acre holding. Obviously, this disproportion is due primarily to the vast amount of uncultivated acreage on large farms and ranches and the high percentage of people concentrated on small plots where intensive family labor makes up for size, lack of credit, machinery, technology and other important agricultural inputs.

Rhetoric to the contrary, there is no solid statistical evidence to support the specter of scarcities accompanying reform. True, production may temporarily decline, but inevitably it recovers to surpass pre-reform harvests. The post-reform experiences of Mexico, Bolivia, Japan, Taiwan, Egypt and Yugoslavia show a substantial increase in productivity per acre. In Taiwan, for example, individual landholdings were reduced by almost one-half between 1940 and 1965, yet output per acre more than doubled. Mexico has enjoyed an agricultural growth for the past twenty years second only to Israel's performance.

High productivity must be joined to higher employment, and agrarian reform, when properly carried out, almost always reduces rural unemployment. Studies in Mexico, Venezuela, Chile and Bolivia demonstrate that reformed haciendas absorb a substantial increase in workers. For example, up to 20 per cent more families have been productively employed on some of the redistricted landholdings in Chile. On Peru's coastal sugar estates, which formerly belonged to W.R. Grace & Co. and a few wealthy Peruvian families, production, employment and workers' incomes have risen, notwithstanding predictions to the contrary. Of course, Peruvian peasants hardly demand the standard of living enjoyed by the *hacendados*.

What Latin American government officials have failed to understand is that agrarian reform is not a question of food scarcities but quite the opposite: higher productivity, employment and consumer purchasing power. Thanks in part to the influence of U.S. technicians and businessmen, who have mistakenly believed that the historical experience of the United States could be repeated in Latin America, agricultural policy in most of those countries continues to emphasize more output through large-scale mechanization. That is fine for a nation with a large industrial base, a highly geared economy and an enormous central government budget that can be utilized to influence demand, investment and employment. But such conditions do not exist in developing countries where consumer demand is not sufficient to support even a small industrial base because of the high percentage of unemployment and underemployment (an average of 39 per cent for Latin America). Nevertheless, Latin American governments remain convinced that the only solution to rural underdevelopment is to create large, mechanized farms, which necessarily displace labor and deepen unemployment. Small family parcels are swept away by the tractor, and their occupants either become landless, unemployed peasants or migrate to the cities where they become landless, unemployed slum dwellers. In neither case can they afford to buy the consumer goods produced by industry. The day may come, too, when demand for the agricultural produce of the large farms will be insufficient to warrant further investment, particularly if increased output is dependent on the domestic market. In most Latin American countries, those who cannot afford to buy potatoes, simply go hungry or starve. In Colombia, where a common sight is a protein-starved infant eating earth, 100 children die daily of malnutrition—and Colombia is one of the more prosperous Latin American countries.

Everyone agrees that large farms using the most modern equipment and technology can economically produce higher yields than can some peasant trying to coax an acre of corn out of the side of the mountain. But that is not the point in Latin America. Under the current rules of agrarian reform, only the very rich, only the owner of a vast underfarmed ranch, can afford the machinery, and that machinery will be used to develop commercial crops for export on a section of the land the owner chooses to develop. The peasant formerly needed to harvest the crops is evicted, and his small portion of the hacienda, the most intensively cultivated, returns to pasture. The export crops may produce some additional income for the central government, but the peasant will never benefit because the funds, if they ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find their way back into the agricultural sector, will be expended on infrastructure to aid the large landowner.

Perhaps the most disheartening aspect of this vicious circle is that the green revolution, that idealistic instrument of technology, is bound to enhance the large landowners' power and may, in the end, create the very hunger it was designed to eliminate. The small holding does not have access to the capital and technical information necessary to increase yields. It is the hacienda that benefits from aid programs under which agricultural machinery can be obtained at a favorable rate of exchange, cheap credit and long-term repayment; therefore the rich landowner is being subsidized to contribute to unemployment.

Some of the triple dwarf wheat varieties are extremely difficult to cut by hand and shock. Moreover, the double-cropping and triple-cropping techniques developed by the green revolution encouraged speed in harvesting and, therefore, mechanization. No matter how hard he tries, the peasant cannot keep up with the large landowner who has a monopoly on technology and, thanks to the benefits of the green revolution, is able to produce larger quantities at lower prices. Because the peasant cannot make up in quantity what he loses in price, he eventually sells his small parcel to the large landowner and moves to the city slums.

In Nicaragua, where mechanized cotton was introduced in the livestock and cereal lands along the Pacific Coast, the stability of the region was totally and irrevocably unbalanced. Under Nicaragua's "agrarian reform" program, the big landowners were able to take over the peasants' land to make room for large-scale cotton production, causing such a serious *campesino* migration that 5 per cent of the cotton crop was lost in 1964 because of labor shortages despite a high national unemployment rate. The cotton owners have since remedied this situation by importing 200 mechanical pickers. Of course, expensive machine imports have negated some of the cotton boom's foreign exchange gains. Meanwhile, Nicaragua has been forced to import grains because the cotton plantations have displaced the grain farms.

If anything, the green revolution is bound to increase the political power of the rural elite who can expect to recoup the influence lost to Latin America's industrialists, on the whole more liberal than the landowners, because of the increase in value of agricultural real estate. The outlook for agrarian reform, already dismal, can hardly improve, for Latin American landowners are the last people to recognize the need for reform, even if reform will save them from revolution. "We deserve what happened to us," said the young scion of one of Peru's (once) twenty families, whose enormous hacienda had just been expropriated by the left-wing military junta. "If we had opened our eyes in time, it is possible that none of this would have happened."

"We all know we cannot go back to the old hacienda system," said the owner of a 200-acre farm in Chile, "but why does the government have to expropriate everything?" Well, in 1965 when the moderately reformist government of Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei offered compromise in the form of higher rural taxation, it was accepted only on the condition that the landowners could deduct the estate tax from their personal income tax. These same landowners who so bitterly fought Frei's modest agrarian reform, who refused to pay equitable taxes, frittered away 84 per cent of their farm income on personal consumption at a time when real wages of agricultural laborers had dropped by 24 per cent.

Chile and Peru are exceptions, of course, as any Colombian landowner will tell you, but then that's what the Peruvians used to say about Cuba before the military junta seized power in 1968. I remember the head of the cattlemen's association in Cuzco, that somber Inca capital, telling me, between large dinner courses, how he dealt with the "Communist agitators," or local university students, who had had the audacity to lead peasant invaders onto his hacienda. "We roughed up some of the students and peasants—nothing like a good beating to restore discipline—and left one of the students tied up to the ranch gate. We haven't had any trouble since." (I assume he has retired to his New York apartment or the Swiss chalet he described in great detail, since the junta must have put his hacienda at the top of the list for expropriation.)

Land concentration was considerably worse in pre-revolutionary Peru than it is in Colombia today, but in the "Showcase of the Alliance for Progress" it is hardly encouraging. There 3.5 per cent of the farms, all large, occupy 65 per cent of the agricultural land, while 76.5 per cent of the farms, all less than 25 acres, cover 6 per cent of the land. Half the country's 22.5 million population is engaged in agriculture, but 70 per cent of Colombia's farm families live on sub-family-size plots of 3.2 acres or are headed by farm laborers without land. As in other Latin American countries, the uneven land distribution dates to the colonial period when the Spanish crown bestowed fiefdoms on its loyal *hidalgos*. Most of these large land tracts are dedicated to cattle ranching, a euphemism for underfarming in view of the proportion of land to cattle, usually 10 acres per head.

Three-quarters of Bogotá's 2.5 million population aged 15 to 59 were born outside the city. Half have migrated to the capital in the last thirteen years. But even with these migrations, the rural population expands by 100,000 a year. Meanwhile in the cities, unemployment and underemployment already affect one-quarter of the labor force, and the statistics are going to get worse, since industry provides only 10,000 new jobs per year for a labor force that is increasing by 200,000 annually.

As in Peru and Venezuela, agrarian reform was started in Colombia in response to peasant invasions which concentrated in the coffee-growing states of central Colombia. Because a 1936 agrarian law turned out to be an ineffectual, stopgap measure, a second law was enacted in 1961 to establish the Colombian Institute of Agrarian Reform (INCORA), which was authorized to buy and expropriate private landholdings and underwrite colonization and such large undertakings as irrigation projects. The 1961 law has since been refined by two other laws, the most recent of which was enacted earlier this year as a "reform of the reform."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colombians have always shown a great willingness to "obey but not comply with the law," so it is not surprising that INCORA has failed to respond to the high-sounding goals of the various laws. True, the agency has reallocated 8.1 million acres to 102,470 families, but what about the other 100,000 families without land, the 750,000 families living on subsistence plots or the 1,194 new families started each week?

Actually, very little has been done to alter the existing land tenure structure because only 63,000 acres were acquired by INCORA through direct expropriation. Most of the land was allocated from the public domain, and 90 per cent of the titles, accounting for 95.9 per cent of the land distributed, represent *de jure* recognition of established settlement claims to public lands. Since 1970, when a conservative government came to power, the "Communist agitators" of INCORA have either been dismissed or so firmly chained that almost no reform has been undertaken. (Nevertheless, the grand sum of 1,750 acres has been expropriated since 1970, goodness knows how.) Not only does the agency have to contend with powerful political and economic interests, it is also so hamstrung by red tape that at least three years are needed to complete an expropriation and reallocation of land.

Even after completing all the paper work, INCORA may be told that they have incorrectly interpreted the law by a local judge, often a relative of the owner of the land being contested, or overruled by the Council of State, a sort of Supreme Court composed of the President and his cabinet. The council recently overruled INCORA's expropriation of 25,000 acres of sugar-cane fields in the rich Cauca Valley of southwestern Colombia after the usual three-year delay. In the interim, many of the 1,275 families that were to have benefited from the expropriation had begun working the land under INCORA's direction. INCORA approved a $136,000 loan for irrigation, and the peasants invested $13,600 of their own money in land improvements. While the peasants had increased the production and quality of the cane, the council ruled that the plantations were unsuitable for small family parcels (although the small parcels had been grouped together in a cooperative) and that, in any case, "there are much cheaper lands elsewhere."

That argument is heard frequently in hacienda circles; indeed, only the imminence of food scarcities receives more publicity. With so much virgin land to choose from, why does INCORA insist on buying or expropriating established farms and ranches, even if they do consist only of unimproved pasture? A good point, perhaps, except that ⅝ of Colombia's 200 million acres of public lands has been set aside for national forests and watershed, and most of the remaining area either is already occupied or unsuitable for farming. As other Latin American countries have discovered, colonization schemes sound great at cocktail parties or in board-room meetings, but in fact they are economically prohibitive. Just where, for example, will Colombia get the billions needed to develop its portion of the Amazon jungle, most of which is so remote that it is not even properly mapped?

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Even where spontaneous colonization does take place, as in the northwestern jungles, the *colon* is simply a means to an end for the rich owner coming in behind him. The *colon* burns and hacks away the forest, plants a few crops and builds a precarious mud hut. Within a year or two, the cattle herds, which are being pushed onto the public lands by the development of commercial crops, begin encroaching on the *colon*'s small stake. Then comes an either-or offer—a few pesos for the land improvements, or the crops and house will be burned and the *colon* beaten up and/or jailed.

Most take the pesos and head elsewhere, perhaps to a city. In the past three years, 400,000 tenant farmers have been evicted from their small plots, with devastating social consequences. Even the Colombian Farmers Association (SAC), spokesman for the large landowners, is beginning to worry about what its members have wrought. Jorge Gutierrez Escobar, the association's vice president, recently sent out a plea to reincorporate 10 per cent of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the evicted tenants for the landowners' own survival. "These poor peasants have nowhere to grow a banana tree or a yucca plant because no landowner will allow them to enter their property for fear of . . . agrarian reform."

The rural scene would not be quite so bleak if those peasants with small plots of titled land had sufficient access to credit to improve yields and to add an acre or so in order to accommodate a growing family. But here again, agrarian reform has favored the large landowner at the peasant's expense. For example, 35 per cent of the special development funds of the National Agrarian Bank (CAJA), the so-called "friend of the peasant," has been earmarked for farmers with more than $100,000 in collateral. Although the CAJA was founded specifically to provide peasants with loans unavailable from the commercial banking sector, the bank halved the peasants' percentage of the credit during the last decade, while increasing the number of large loans to big farmers and cattlemen to 29 per cent of the total. Supplier of half the agricultural credit available in Colombia, the CAJA should be called the "friend of the haciendas." U.S. taxpayers may be pleased to know that $28 million of AID money went into the CAJA.

Not surprisingly, land invasions and violent confrontations with local police and landowners have increased steadily in the past three years. The largest number of invasions have occurred in the Caribbean coastal states, where the rural birth rate, urban and rural unemployment and the concentration of land are the highest. As a study sponsored by the Land Tenure Center of the University of Wisconsin documents, these invasions are spontaneous and without political direction. Yet there is no reason to believe that they could not evolve into a more serious threat to the *status quo*. Three guerrilla groups are currently operating in Colombia, and while they pose no serious danger to the central government, they do reflect the deep malaise in rural areas.

AID, the World Bank and other international lending agencies would like to believe that the recent reform of the agrarian reform will speed up expropriations and purchases by INCORA because, on paper at least, the newest measures do spell out the difference between productive and unproductive farms, establish a new system of taxation, and give INCORA wider powers of expropriation. Yet without the political will, there is no possible way for INCORA to enforce this legislation. Like the proprietress of the hacienda with her excellent-conduct recommendations, any Colombian landowner with a little *palanca*, or pull, can find a loophole in the reform's reform.

That is not to say that Colombia's agrarian reform has been a total failure. The fact of INCORA's existence holds out some hope to the landless peasants and, goodness knows, enough INCORA directors have tried to tackle the problem of land tenure. Moreover, small agro-industries that are being developed allow the peasant to market his crop at a profit without having to go through a dozen intermediaries. Such is the case of the sisal growers in southwestern Colombia who at present are able to sell their crop to a nearby processing plant.

Certainly there is enough awareness of the problem in politically influential circles, including the army, Colombia's two most important newspapers and the industrial sector, to suggest that any President firmly committed to land reform could accelerate distribution. That President may turn out to be Alfonso Lopez Michelsen, the Liberal Party's candidate for next year's elections, who is campaigning on a platform of sweeping reforms in both the cities and the countryside.

If elected, Lopez will have to confront powerful economic interests on an issue which, even after decades of intensive study and experimentation, lacks any effective force. Mexico's subsistence farmers, the *ejido* families, still live in grinding poverty sixty-three years after the revolution. Lack of credit and technical aid, large commercial crop plantations, murdered peasants, rural guerrillas—these are the realities of the Mexican *campesino*, the same complaints heard everywhere in Latin America. Withal, can any government seriously accept the Mexican experience as a model?

And the Bolivian revolution? Any visitor to the bleak, poverty-stricken Andean highlands where Aymara Indians eke out a subsistence living with the same tools their pre-Columbian ancestors used, could hardly give the Bolivian model high marks. Colonization schemes to move the Indians down the mountains to the rich tropical lowlands have not been successful, on the whole. Meanwhile, 100,000 *campesino* families are still waiting for land titles twenty years after the revolution.

Cuba's experience with state farms has been no more successful than that of the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries. Indeed, the Cuban Government was forced to implement a "second agrarian reform" guaranteeing small farmers ownership of land and the right to farm without associating with cooperatives or collective farms.

Venezuela, on the other hand, has an excellent record of well-funded, carefully advised cooperatives working under a system known as the Foundation for the Instruction and Applied Investigation of Agrarian Reform, with both peasant incomes and agricultural production on the rise. However, the oil-rich Venezuelans are the only Latin Americans who can afford to spend millions of dollars on agrarian reform. Then too, there has been little effective opposition to agrarian reform because the old, landowning class never regained the political power it lost to the petroleum industry.

Chile is suffering a tragic upheaval and it is impossible to predict anything about its agrarian reform, but there is considerable evidence that Chilean peasants are just as unenthusiastic about state farms as their counterparts elsewhere.

So that leaves Peru—seat of the Inca empire, victim of some of the Spanish *conquistadores'* worst atrocities and a feudal throwback to the Dark Ages in the 20th century. Surely, there is some poetic justice in the fact that one of the hemisphere's most backward countries, with all the problems common to underdevelopment, should emerge as the only Latin American nation with an imaginative, indigenous agrarian reform program that, while not necessarily a model for the rest of the continent, at least is providing some of the answers to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the questions raised six decades ago when Emiliano Zapata rode down from the Mexican hills.

Started four years ago, shortly after the military junta seized power, Peru's agrarian reform is plagued by all sorts of problems, chief among them being the lack of sufficient arable land to support all the rural population. Nevertheless, it has one exceptional virtue: flexibility. Bits and pieces have been borrowed from Yugoslavia, Sweden and Israel, experimented with, kept or discarded. There are no set formulas and no sacred cows. Thus, where large efficient estates existed, cooperatives have been formed to replace the old management. Small farms have been grouped together into cooperatives and expanded by the addition of expropriated land. Profits from the cooperatives are used to improve the land and to support nearby villages which are being encouraged to develop small agricultural industries. Unlike the Cubans or the Chileans, however, the Peruvians have maintained the principle of private property; hence, no productive farm smaller than 375 acres has been expropriated. By encouraging smaller, privately owned farms as well as cooperatives and by establishing industries in rural areas, the Peruvian Government has gone to the heart of the problem, at last: in Peru, employment is as important as productivity and is certainly given a higher priority than labor-saving technology. Moreover, the junta has been elastic enough in its agricultural policy to throw out any experiment that proves unsuccessful—sometimes cooperatives, sometimes private ownership—and replace it with another.

"Peasant, the boss will no longer eat of your poverty," is the slogan of Peru's agrarian revolution, and the junta means it. To succeed, however, the military will need at least two decades, because agrarian reform is not some giant statistical leap into higher employment, income and productivity, but an entirely new mental and emotional outlook for the dehumanized Indian masses. And two decades are a long time in Latin America. Down in Machachi, across the border in Ecuador, the village peasants cannot even remember that there once was a military junta that devoted all its energies to agrarian reform. The boss has gone back to eating of the peasant's poverty, and the peasant is worse off than he was before the reform. The Ecuadorians have even picked up the Colombians' favorite refrain: "There's nothing wrong in Ecuador." □

PUBLISHING GOES WEST

SAN FRANCISCO'S WHERE IT'S AT

RICK SEIFERT

San Francisco

"The Eastern Press comes in here," says Alan Rinzler, president of Straight Arrow Books and former "resident hippie" at Macmillan, indicating his office, and "then they go back to their typewriters and make a very big thing about how long my hair is, my dog being here with me, and my Levis. They just don't understand what it's all about."

According to Rinzler, New York's establishment book publishers can't understand what it's all about either and that's where he comes in. "It's *our* turn now," he proclaims, meaning Straight Arrow, though he could be speaking for the vigorous San Francisco publishing scene as a whole.

Approximately one-third of the West Coast's 150 publishers—obviously most of them are small—are in the Bay Area. A representative sampling includes:

City Lights Books. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's press, which published Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* in 1956, is going strong with more than seventy-five titles in print. The sustained importance of City Lights, housed in a North Beach storefront a few blocks from the famous City Lights Bookstore, has not led Ferlinghetti and company to abandon their cavalier attitude toward the publishing powers that be. When *The New York Times* recently reviewed Ginsberg's new anthology, *The Fall of America*, the people at City Lights didn't even know the review was scheduled and were not prepared when New York booksellers began clamoring for the book. "We had to search the place for copies," says Nancy Phillips, a City Lights editor.

Bookworks. Don Gerrard co-publishes with Random House books that Bookworks develops and Random House markets and distributes. The arrangement could well serve as a model for more liaisons between other small but aggressive Bay Area publishers and large, capital-rich, but uninspired Eastern houses. With books like *The Whole Earth Catalog*, *Living off the Earth* and *Grow Your Own*, Bookworks has been able to plug Random House into the world beyond Manhattan. As Gerrard puts it, "By the time the Eastern old guard gets around to rejecting a book, we can publish it."

Glide Publications. In retrospect it seems only natural that the intensely activist Glide Foundation would find itself in the publishing business. The foundation discovered that the various groups it opened its doors to—the poor, the elderly, the gays, the blacks and browns and many others—all needed a voice and Glide set out to provide encouragement and publishing know-how.

A few Glide titles reflect its success in achieving its goals: *Lesbian Woman*, first commissioned and predictably rejected by *McCall's*; *Ting: The Caldron*, an anthology of writings by Chinese-Americans; *How to Get Things*

Rick Seifert writes for the San Francisco Bay Guardian, San Francisco Magazine *and the* Bay Area Journalism Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Done in the City, a guide to pressure points in the urban bureaucracy; and *Death Row: An Affirmation of Life*, writings by San Quentin's condemned prisoners.

Yardbird Publishing Cooperative. A small press recently established by a group of Eastern *émigré* black writers who are fed up with what they see as the whims and prejudices of white establishment publishers.

Named after Charlie Parker, the Berkeley-based cooperative's first effort was an anthology, *Yardbird Reader, Vol. I*, edited by novelist Ishmael Reed. Others in the group include poet and novelist Al Young, novelist and playright Cecil Brown, David Henderson and Maya Angelou.

Finally, there's Rinzler's Straight Arrow Books, owned by *Rolling Stone*, which is no longer a rock-and-roll gazette but a growing presence in the magazine publishing world. No one in the East was calling San Francisco publishing "flourishing" until Straight Arrow established itself and ironed out its distribution problems by setting up Quick Fox, its own marketing and distribution arm. If any house in San Francisco or the Bay Area offers direct competition to the old-line New York publishers it's Straight Arrow. Even when he was in New York, Rinzler made his considerable mark by editing such books as *Man-Child in the Promised Land* and *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*

Now, after two years in San Francisco, Rinzler, who grew up in New Jersey, and his minuscule editorial staff (one managing editor, one art director, one editorial assistant) have scored solid successes with everything from Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail, '72* and Ann Charters' *Kerouac* to Jeremy Brecher's highly acclaimed *Strike!* and *The Art of Sensual Massage.* In short, there is every indication that, because he understands and the New York clique doesn't, it is indeed Rinzler's turn.

So what is there to understand? You take a wad of capital provided by the conglomerate you have merged with, promote the predictable and proven (based on past promotions) in expensive and profitable hard-bound, score with the book clubs, buy big ads in the right places to corner review space, and send out an army of salesmen to blitz the marketplace.

No more. That old formula has been crumbling in the shifting world of the past five years. Douglas Mount, former writer for *Publishers Weekly*, and now consultant to Straight Arrow, tells with some relish how Random House never knew what it had in Charles Reich's *The Greening of America.* They hated the title—"Nonsense: what does this mean, the greening?"—shunted Reich from editor to editor, and ran only 5,000 copies in the book's first printing.

On his own, Reich spirited a copy to *The New Yorker* without telling anyone at Random House, and the inevitable happened, as Mount tells the story. Jim Silverman, vice president and editorial director at Random House, was at a cocktail party alive with conversation about "this *New Yorker* thing." Silverman asked, "What is this book? I've never heard of it. Who's publishing it?" And someone said, "You are."

So he said, "Oh," and the next day Bennett Cerf called up Charles Reich and invited him to lunch in the Random House executive suite.

As Rinzler puts it, "If you have heavy vested interests you can't possibly understand what's happening in America. Take Bantam—and this is just one example. A couple years ago they finally discovered rock music, so they decided to do a rock book. The media were making a big thing out of how the super-group at that time was Creedence Clearwater. So Bantam puts out this book on Creedence and it bombs out immediately. They were totally unaware that the kids really into Creedence just plain don't read."

Rinzler ticks off what makes Straight Arrow different. "We're self-capitalized, independent, very ambitious—we're into doubling our numbers each year; not titles, but readers—we control our own distribution, and we're new."

Rinzler doesn't think it important that Straight Arrow is in San Francisco. "We're a national publishing house. We sell far more books in New York than we do here. I'm here because I like it here and because of *Rolling Stone.*"

But what finally makes Rinzler a San Francisco publisher, his objections notwithstanding, is that no one in New York is able or willing to do what he is doing here. Perhaps the very best New York publishers can hope for is what Doubleday has in its West Coast editor, Luther Nichols, who works out of Berkeley where he was born and raised. Among Nichols' finds are Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture,* Wallace Stegner's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Angle of Repose* and Tom Robbins' *Another Roadside Attraction* which is selling well on the campuses.

When Stewart Brand was trying to drum up interest in his *Whole Earth Catalog*, another book which editors "back East" couldn't comprehend—"the type's too small, the pages are too crowded, no one will read it"—Nichols' prediction that the book would sell 300,000 copies was dismissed by Doubleday as "ridiculous." Bookworks/Random House came in with the high bid and the book sold more than a million copies and won the National Book Award.

Nichols believes that San Francisco is just now beginning to fuse its literary tradition with the cultural tumult of the 1960s. "We waited all those years for Big Books that would come out of the Counter-Culture," he says. "It never happened. There was too much unrest; drugs were a nonverbal sensory, anti-intellectual experience. Now that we're in a period of relative tranquillity, the manuscripts—particularly fiction—are beginning to emerge."

One gets the feeling from Nichols and others that the creative energy of this city, and the communities that dot the surrounding hills and share its outlook, no longer have to shout to be heard or cry out through the extravaganza of rock. That this new voice has returned to the quiet medium of print should come as no surprise. If the music and the rebellion made a generation aware, beyond the awareness there is the need for the solid information and reflection that only good books can provide. Fortunately, Bay Area publishers are immersed in the need and capable of filling it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Uncertainty Principle

WAR AND POLITICS. *By Bernard Brodie. Macmillan. 514 pp. $8.95.*

ASHER BRYNES

"It has become abundantly clear since the dawn of the nuclear age that the balance of terror [among nations] is decidedly *not* delicate," says Dr. Bernard Brodie toward the end of this learned and wonderfully up-to-date book. Reading page after page, I had the sensation of climbing through levels of cloud cover to see war finally—the awful kind of war the nuclear powers stand ready to make today—in the light of reason. Reasonably, they won't.

The outbreak of that kind of violence was always unlikely, and given our experience of its probable consequences in the quarter century that has elapsed since, it is less likely now. It has continued to be a posture, a readiness. But that means that since 1945 it has never been impossible either. Never since the summer of that year when Japan was still at war with us and the first atom bomb was exploded, by the very physicists who had handmade it, atop a tower in New Mexico. Within weeks the second and third atom bombs were dropped from the air on the Japanese themselves; both were considered to be so dangerous that they were triggered by radar pulses while in flight.

Since then the world's stockpiles of nuclear armament have grown 10-thousandfold; the United States has more than 7,000 of these weapons stored on the territories of its allies in Western Europe alone. Yet such is the paradoxical nature of this threat that all our worries over its safe control have faded into the background of today's news.

Brodie can claim that he, almost alone, spotted the appropriate strategic policy for the management of such weapons after their initial use. His first name for that policy was *deterrence*, which he defines in this book as "an idea less hopeful of total cures [for war] but also less certain of total catastrophe in the absence of such cures." I suppose Brodie learned to write in that style as a result of his later experiences in the Rand Corporation and other think tanks. Plainly, what he announces here is a brand-new Uncertainty Principle which is to worry mankind through the foreseeable future —or until somebody discovers the technical antidote to the threat of the atom bomb. Since nobody has yet discovered how to neutralize technically even the threats of the other weaker explosives, such as gunpowder, gun cotton, nitroglycerin, TNT and the like, this is cold comfort. Here is his full statement of the Uncertainty Principle as it appeared in a paper published by the Yale Institute of International Studies, issued in that miraculous year of 1945.

> The first and most vital step in any American Security program for the age of atomic bombs is to take measures to guarantee to ourselves in case of attack the possibility of retaliation in kind. In making that statement the writer is not for a moment concerned about who will *win* the next war in which atom bombs are used. Thus far the chief purpose of our military establishment has been to win wars. From now on its chief purpose must be to avert them. It can have almost no other useful purpose.

This surprising prediction, for it was clearly that when Brodie formulated it, so infuriated the president of the University of Chicago (Brodie's *alma mater*) that he denounced the republication of it by the Princeton University Press the following year. Among the scientists, Brodie's most notable opponent was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer who, along with Dr. Enrico Fermi, were the chief founding fathers of that awesome thing. Following them, many of the brainiest personages of the day, from Bertrand Russell on down, opined that the atom bomb —while America still had a monopoly of it—should be used to discipline the Russian Communists.

Brodie's unforgivable offense was that his proposition denied the necessity, as well as the possibility, of world government—the one-world-or-none idea that so beguiled the editorial writers of that era. How did he come to contradict this shibboleth so sharply? He was neither an economist nor any other variety of behavioral scientist. He was a historian who had been working in the field of international conflict years before the atomic hue and cry arose at the end of the last World War. As a historian he was aware of the importance of politics, and particularly the politics of diplomacy. All nations habitually negotiate from strength if they can, and if they are Atlantic powers that strength is their readiness to fight at sea. The title of Brodie's first study (when it was a doctoral thesis at the University of Chicago) was "Major Naval Inventions and their Consequences in International Politics, 1814-1918."

Those inventions were the biggest, weightiest weapons of the last century. Half of that most peaceful of modern centuries was presided over by Henry Kissinger's favorite historical character, Prince Metternich, and the other half by Queen Victoria. Up to the middle of it the biggest weapons of the time were seventy-five-gun frigates and other big windjammers; after that they were steam-propelled ironclads. Between the U.S. Civil War and World War I the latter grew to be dreadnoughts and similar "ships of the line" armed with 16-to-18-inch guns in revolving turrets (they had to be mounted in turrets for an interesting reason: the charges they fired were so powerful that if ever they were discharged against the motion of the vessel at full speed the ship would begin to start its rivets).

These monsters of naval warfare gradually transformed their battling into something resembling an exact science. Experts like Brodie, who was himself a naval intelligence officer for a time, could add up the maximum weight of metal each ship or each fleet could throw at the other; and the side that threw more would almost invariably win. Since the capacity of their naval gunnery was freely published among the industrialized nations which maintained such ships, such analyses could be worked out on an adding machine.

Much later, in the early 1960s, I used to wonder how President Kennedy's Secretary of Defense McNamara could testify before Congressional committees in such positive terms about the number of Americans the Russians could kill if they discharged their nuclear artillery first, and the number of Russians who would be sponged out after the initial American counterstrike. On each side the figures would leap by scores of millions, from 20 up to 120, and always more Americans than Russians would be left hypothetically dead. Those analyses, I learned later, had been worked out on our big-

Asher Brynes has been a senior staff member of the Senate Foreign Policy Committee and has served also in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. He is the author of We Give to Conquer *(W.W. Norton).*

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ger modern computers, feeding in first the fact that we have almost the same population as Russia living in an area somewhat less than half its size. McNamara's analysts totaled up the persons per square mile in the areas where a concentration of nuclear bombs or missile warheads was likely to fall—and the same arithmetic produced the bigger numbers dead on our side.

In this sense the two types of weapons, the dreadnoughts and nuclear explosives, were *absolute*. The strategists could read out their destructiveness, so to speak, by adding up figures in their tables of weapons effects. The application of force in war became an engineering proposition.

On a closer look, however, we find that the physicists who invented nuclear weapons did add something radically new to man's powers against himself. "In old-fashioned Newtonian physics," Brodie remarks, "the whole conception of work depended on the creation of movement . . . of some body relative to its own immediate environment. If there was no movement, no work was performed . . . no energy consumed. But," he goes on to say, "an object at rest can do enormous work if those objects are nuclear weapons." (He is looking at the threat of their mere presence.) "And this work, although enormous, may also be subtle, so it may not be noticed. The effectiveness of the objects themselves may therefore be denied." He is thinking of the gigantic British battle fleet riding at anchor in remote Scottish inlets through most of World War I. What, then, was the good of it? While those specialized engines of destruction remained chained up in Scotland, they canceled out those on the German side, in the Baltic approaches to the Kiel Canal. And when, in their one action in the entire four years of war, they uncorked their guns and began to fire at each other at Jutland, they almost spontaneously turned tail and ran back for shelter, the old shelters on the Scottish coast and the Baltic Sea. Winston Churchill said of the English admiral who commanded this mighty assemblage of force, "He is the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon."

Similarly, whoever ventures to uncork the even mightier nuclear forces we and the Russians, the British, the Chinese and the French keep in reserve today, can lose the next major war in about half an hour. Or less, for its beginning will be its end.

What then are we to do? Whistle, and hope that our responsible civilians, the Presidents and First Secretaries and Premiers and Chairmen who actually control our nuclear stockpiles, remember what the most mercurial among them —Khrushchev—said when he was in power. "Nuclear war is stupid, stupid, stupid! If you reach for the pushbutton you reach for suicide." Let's face it: unlike the British admiral commanding at Jutland, Khrushchev is here shown making up his mind to run *before* the battle. If that fire-eater could back down so readily, it suggests that we now live in a world in which the threat of action has replaced the actual expenditure of force in war.

Brodie, a forward-looking strategist, endorsed the recent cycle of limited wars in place of the nuclear monstrosity that so far hovers upstage in this century. But the idea that we can afford to half-win such wars as the British did in Malaya, and the United States in Korea and Vietnam, or entirely lose them as the French did in Algeria, the idea that such wars are reasonable alternatives to the Unspeakable War has lost credence. The Vietnamese War cost more than $100 billion, and the United States had to maintain conscript forces while it was being waged. Living now in the consequences of that overstrained effort, we know very well that we cannot afford another like it.

Meanwhile the threat of nuclear war continues to press upon us. We are realizing all too slowly how the menace of it is weighted by our nuclear reactor industries. Day after day they add their outputs of raw plutonium to the explosive potential of the stocks of nuclear

FOUR EVASIONS

Sitting in this car, houses & wind outside,
three in the morning, windows
obliterated by snow

coat & arms around each other, hands
cold, no place we can go

unable to say how much I want you
unable even to say
I am unable

Not that there is nothing to be
said but that there is
too much: this cripples me.

I watch with envy & desire,
you speak so freely.

Tell me something,
you ask at last, Anything.

To love is to let go
of those excuses, habits
we used once for our own safety

but the old words reappear
in the shut throat, decree

themselves: exile,
betrayal, failure

Airplane makes it off
the runway, cars & houses deflate,

diesel air & stale upholstery,
smell of you still on my skin;

thinking of my reluctance, way I withdrew
when you came towards me, why did I.

Easier to invent, remember you
than to confront you, fact

of you, admit
you, let you in.

Margaret Atwood

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weapons, the big and small rockets and bombs and missiles with uni- and multi-directional warheads under the custody of our military. Have you noticed how they have managed to divide up this harvest of frightfulness among them: for the Army, the Titan missiles in their silos; for the Air Force, the SAC fleet of long-range bombers; for the Navy, the nuclear-powered as well as nuclear-armed Polaris and now Poseidon submarines? And speaking of an *absolute* weapon as Brodie defines it, who ever heard of such a thing so divided, in so many forms, as this one?

Those civilian stocks of plutonium are at present accumulating faster than the military stockpiles. What the nuclear trade calls fast-breeder reactors are the installations which are projected to be charged, initially, with as much as 2½ metric tons of plutonium apiece. Since a 10-pound lump is sufficiently powerful to make a Nagasaki bomb, and since the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission maintains a yearly census of plutonium production in this country, I invite you to work out this problem on your own account: x tons divided by 10 pounds equals n bombs. □

Mark Van Doren as an American

GRACE SCHULMAN

In the library that is my office, Mark Van Doren's voice speaks to me from the bound volumes dated September 3, 1924, through September 26, 1928, when he was literary editor of *The Nation*. Earnest and playful, it mocks, chides, carps, exults and praises, insisting always that art should uplift and that literature is a joyful thing.

Among his criteria of literary worth, pleasure was essential. Writing of *Emerson and Others*, by Van Wyck Brooks, on April 13, 1927, he exclaimed: "for this book . . . as indeed for most of its predecessors, I have much use. It gives me joy—and for a moment I believed everything Mr. Brooks said about America."

Typically American was his excited response to the many topics his ample mind could entertain; he spoke with urgency about a study of bird migrations, a complete translation of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* ("it is as contemporary as Austin Dobson or Ezra Pound"), a new edition of the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the first collection of poems by John Crowe Ransom containing pieces from "that extraordinary Southern magazine of verse, *The Fugitive*." When Edith Sitwell's long poem, *The Sleeping Beauty*, appeared in this country, Mark Van Doren defended its publication with a characteristic celebration of what was genuine: "It gives me pleasure which is real and continuous if not profound; to that extent it deserves praise."

Mark Van Doren was generous, but his generosity was tempered by a kind of terrifying honesty. Of a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, beginning "My heart, being hungry . . ." he wrote, in 1924: "Miss Millay's new volume of beautiful verse begins with this poem, which perfectly expresses what some of her readers hope is a phase now finished. For it is adolescents chiefly who feed on air. . . ." Or, commenting on the final edition of the six-volume *Autobiographies* of William Butler Yeats (March 16, 1927), he wrote:

> Mr. Yeats like Mark Twain, and surely the two are alike in no other respect, has the power of remembering anything whether it happened or not. Doubtless many of the moods and meetings recorded in the "Reverie" and in the "Trembling of the Veil" are incorrectly recorded, and doubtless some of them never had existence outside these books. . . . But it makes no difference, unless indeed it makes the book even more beautiful than it would otherwise have been. The *Autobiographies* should be read as a history solely of the author's mind, and then not by any means as an accurate history. . . .

There was in Mark Van Doren a profound irreverence. On December 3, 1924, his column, "First Glance," contained this whimsical comment:

> The latest section of the monumental and now almost completed "New English Dictionary" (Oxford: 10 shillings) to arrive in America covers rather unpromising ground, since in going from "unforeseeing" to "unright" it must spend five-sixths of its space on words beginning with the prefix un-. Yet even within this province it finds an opportunity to suggest the particular kind of commentary upon human behavior for which, as the one really comprehensive survey of the language in existence, it is so famous. Under the word "unicorn," for instance, the whole history of belief and disbelief in that fine animal is silently, remorselessly written. After sentences from old and middle and early modern English which indicate a simple and healthy faith comes this wavering statement of 1657: "A very fierce and strong creature it is; and nowadays very rare, but anciently more common." Here is the beginning of the end, for in the next century Dr. Johnson refers to "that Beast so much talked of and so little known"; and in 1801 the *Monthly Review* contained an article On the Probability of the Existence of an Unicorn. Thus have human travel and the science of natural history relieved the mind of a pleasant superstition.

As for his art, Mark Van Doren created an American poetry of common lives and objects, finding inspiration in the landscape of New England. Born in Illinois in 1894, in the decade following the span of years that gave America its major poets (Williams, Pound, H. D., Moore and Eliot), Van Doren came to maturity in 1922, the year *The Waste Land* was published. His poetry was unfashionably rural at a time when the leading poets, influenced by the French, were writing about the disordered sensations of city life. In *The Waste Land*, Eliot's "unreal city" bodied forth a vision of urban horror, reminiscent of Baudelaire's portrayal of crowded, deafening streets. And Eliot's metropolis had been predicted by Marianne Moore who wrote in 1921 (in "People's Surroundings") of a "vast indestructible necropolis."

When one of Van Doren's earliest collections, *Spring Thunder and Other Poems*, appeared two years after *The Waste Land*, T. S. Eliot praised the book, whose regional subject matter was so different from his own. "Mr. Van Doren's verse is well written," he declared in *The Nation* on April 15, 1925, in an essay entitled "Why Rural Verse," exhibiting a disregard for irrelevance that resembled Van Doren's approach to poetry.

In that review, Eliot explored the polarities of city and country archetypes:

> One of the points of division is that between urban and rural poetry. I myself—to make a personal confession—have never criticized, because I never understood, a well-known type of contemporary poetry which is occupied almost exclusively with the English countryside. Mr. Van Doren's poems have, incidentally, but not without cause of their merit, helped me to understand this defect.

Eliot wrote of the limited but strong appeal of nature poetry, despite the success of metropolitan verse:

> I have no solution to offer for the problems of modern life. But, while we wait, I know that it is a good thing that rural verse should be written. We cannot hope for the comparative unity of Virgil's or Dante's Italy or of Chaucer's or Shakespeare's England, but we can preserve the fragments. Which is what verse like Mr. Van Doren's helps us to do. I—to return to the confessional vein—cannot enjoy poetry about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the English country, though I admire the beauty of that country itself; I do not so consciously admire the beauty of the American country (for me, Northeastern America), but it must have a profound significance for me because I enjoy Mr. Van Doren's poems in the same way, I think, that English readers enjoy the poetry of Mr. de la Mare and Mr. Blunden.

Van Doren's poetry, though, is no more assimilable to Edmund Blunden's or Walter de la Mare's than it is to Baudelaire's. He is a poet of place, creating wonder from common things, finding miraculous the true apprehension of ordinary experience. Perception is a continuing process in his verse. In "Circumference," for example (collected in 1926):

Light is racing
Round the seas;
And thought can distance
All of these. . . .

Dominating his poetry are images of circles, often fused with motion ("Here he circled after corn/Before the oldest man was born") or with the process of visual perception ("For I can see a circle of grey shore,/ and greyer water, motionless beyond"). Reading his poetry can have dizzying and magical effects wrought by imagery of suns, moons, water wheels, centers, circumferences, objects that turn, spin, revolve and whirl, moving as the imagination moves.

Although Mark Van Doren wrote wisely about the works of Shakespeare and Dryden, his poetry is rooted firmly in an American tradition heralded by Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he admired. Van Doren wrote affectionately of the portrait of Emerson in Van Wyck Brooks's "Emerson and Others." In *The Nation* of April 13, 1927, he noted the descriptions of "Emerson in his study and in his garden, Emerson strolling to Boston, Emerson lecturing, Emerson writing, Emerson editing the *Dial*, Emerson talking with Ellery Channing, Bronson Alcott, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller."

Van Doren's fascination with spheres recalls Emerson's belief, set forth in his essay, "Circles," that the imagination's apprehension of the unending rings in nature enabled the soul to grow. Emerson assumed that the poet was a seer, standing at the center, courageously accepting the challenge to submit to his vision.

Van Doren built his poetry on patterns of seeing. His portrait of the poet as visionary is incarnated in "The Sage in the Sierra," a dramatic monologue in the 1926 collection. In it, the speaker, Emerson, exclaims:

I strove to learn and teach the rest
What sang the spheres, what thoughts were best.
But seeing is forgetting speech;
The lesson learned, I cannot teach.

Just as the Emerson of that poem "looked skyward for my law," Mark Van Doren looked skyward for his hawks and his American gods, seeking in globes and rings the unknown limits of the self. In a quiet tone, he wrote of a terrifying journey without familiar landmarks. "End of Travel," which was collected in the year 1928, bodies forth that terror:

Here in a circle of maples I can sit
Half of a day in the sun, and before and after
Figure the speed of shadows; eastward, westward,
Going or coming, all of the shade is one.
Night, the centerless circle, widening, leaves
Me and the bounded brightness, whence I watch
Birds, coming and going—westward, eastward—
Clouds, and the smallest of all my circles, the sun.
Beyond this rounded silence there is nothing.

And in a later poem, "The Same Stones" collected in 1953, he writes of the center penetrated by a deadly eye:

The ancient shape without the ancient center—
Nothing will go but that.
And that—already
It is gone, with its soft seed
Of darkness, its firm secret
Of the surprising, the familiar form
That ever, ever was to come
And now will not come,
Ever.

Mark Van Doren's visionary poetry is an American tradition, his seeing speakers resembling Eliot's Tiresias, Moore's tireless observers, and the perceiving speaker of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Accepting his vision's risk as an act of faith, he wrote a quietly adventurous poetry. He was, as Marianne Moore wrote of Henry James, "intrinsically and actively ample . . . reaching westward, southward, anywhere, everywhere," with a mind "incapable of the shut door in any direction." □

Sweet Are the Uses of Publicity

MARILYN: A Biography. *By Norman Mailer. Illustrated with photographs. Grosset & Dunlap. 271 pp. $19.95.*

ALVAH BESSIE

Sweet are the uses of publicity—whose ethic is, "If it sells it must be good." Publicity has already made *Marilyn* one of the leading coffee-table non-books of 1973. It underlines the bankruptcy of American publishing morality in a significant sector of the profession, and marks the further disintegration of a talent, that of the man who has been telling us for a decade that he is now the Champ his literary Papa liked to call himself.

The book is the gimmick of a photographer and promoter named Lawrence Schiller who organized a traveling exhibition of photographs last year—the tenth anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death. Then he thought of a way to perpetuate the exhibition in book form and looked for a writer to supply a preface. We are told that Romain Gary and Gloria Steinem were both considered (*Time*, July 16), but we are not told whether either or both declined or were rejected. In any case the invitation to write a 25,000-word introduction eventually went to a man the women's liberation movement considers the number-one male chauvinist in the land. Tough luck for Marilyn Monroe, who had been a special target of that attitude while she was alive.

Mailer took the assignment because he needed the money (*60 Minutes*, CBS, July 13). He pleaded (on the same program) the pressure of deadline for the book's inadequacies and, nailed down by Mike Wallace, said, "I decided it was important enough to get it out there half-finished rather than not get into it at all."

Preparing to tackle his subject, Mailer read at least two biographies: Maurice Zolotow's *Marilyn Monroe* (1960) and *Norma Jean* by Fred Lawrence Guiles (1969). He then "discovered that he wished to do a biography" himself. (Mailer frequently speaks of himself in the third person, or even in the first person plural, like Nixon and other monarchs.)

He realized that to do a biography "would consume years." Dilemma? Well, Zolotow was "untrustworthy" and while Guiles was probably more accurate, Marilyn's "personality remained submerged." It was therefore up to Mailer,

Alvah Bessie is a screen writer and critic, who has also published four novels, two nonfiction narratives and many short stories and essays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frustrated by the fact that he had never met her but endowed with a novelist's intuitions which can "work magic," to take those facts he could find, make his own inspired guesses and produce 90,000 words of what he calls "a novel biography."

He wrote it in sixty days. He was immediately attacked by both Zolotow and Guiles's British publisher as a plagiarist. Zolotow is suing (*Hollywood Reporter*, July 3) and Guiles's publisher noted 255 quotations from *Norma Jean*, "with or without acknowledgment." (On July 23, a press release from the publisher of *Marilyn* announced—apparently with authorization—that Guiles wished to dissociate himself from the claims made against Mailer.)

But Mailer did much more and much less than these two men, who at least did their own research. The product of his novelist's insight, his "transcendence" and his innocence of factual information result in the degrading of Monroe: what one would expect from a man whose writing and the life he has lived in public strongly suggest that to him women are the enemy, the sink of iniquity, the pit of hell.

While offering hypocritical bouquets to her beauty, charm and sensitivity, and to the pathos of her reality, Mailer reveals the other face of his gallantry, tagging her with every epithet in the arsenal of sexual insecurity. In the course of his 90,000 words he calls Monroe "a queen of a castrator," "a sloth," "a bitch," "a dreary bore," "a dank hunched-up drab . . . with a bad smell!" "an emotional pygmy," "a sexual oven," an amateur (or professional) whore, "a blonde with an anal bent . . ." whose swaying hips said, "Take me from behind, I'm yours," and a "double Monroe, one hard and calculating computer of a cold and ambitious cunt (no other English word is near) and that other tender animal, an angel, a doe at large in a blonde and lovely human form."

Always, to demonstrate his scrupulous objectivity, he couples her "angel" qualities with those that he ascribes to all women. And in this book our instant expert on politics, boxing, sex, international policy, the moon landing, becomes a Buddhist, a believer in Karma and reincarnation who says Monroe was a split personality when she was not merely stark mad (thanks to her inheritance), a creature with "two souls" at war with each other—when she is not simply a starlet at 20th Century Fox who visits the aged Joseph Schenck daily and is "capable of playing the totally ambitious girl who will never vomit over what she has to put in her mouth since she is in fact excited by the sexual pursuit of her ambition. . . ."

Evidence? There isn't any. But there are rumors; there is gossip that "has to be graphic"; there is scandal, and Mailer stoops to pick up all the droppings, sniffs at and examines each in his most flatulent and "transcendent" prose—and sometimes even discards one, because "we are not going to know." But the rumor has done its job once it has been magnified by Mailer, who has now used a woman eleven years dead as a springboard for his latest advertisement for himself.

Nor is she Mailer's only victim. Joe DiMaggio must have been enchanted to learn that Marilyn married him for publicity and/or to spite Fox for putting her on suspension. And Mailer makes a vicious and totally unwarranted attack on Arthur Miller.

The publisher's publicity says that Mailer "has been electrifying the literary and journalistic worlds" since 1948. (Next week: *Watergate!*) Now he examines, tentatively—for he is afraid to speak his piece out loud and has no more evidence for it than for anything else in his half-baked "psychohistory"—a theory that Monroe did not die by her own hand, accidentally or on purpose. Ah, no. Nor was she having an affair with Bobby Kennedy. She was having an affair with Jack! Of course, Mailer *had* heard that she *had* made love to Bobby in the back seat of a car, but perhaps she was just pretending to have an affair with Bobby to make Sinatra jealous.

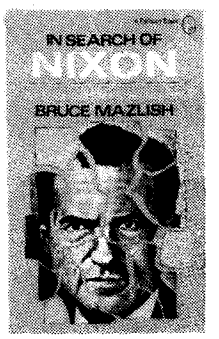
TRAFFIC LIGHTS

Red freezes my foot
Green excites joy turning to haste and fear
I speed through yellow

In Massachusetts
Green lights flash on and off, an odd message
For people like me

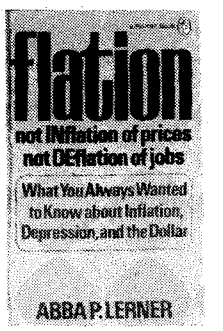
Todd Gitlin

Now in paperback!



IN SEARCH OF NIXON
by BRUCE MAZLISH
This "psychohistorical inquiry" uncovers the deepest levels of President Nixon's personality to explain why he feels, thinks, and acts as he does. *A New York Times* Best Book of the Year. At bookstores, $1.50

FLATION
not INflation of prices, not DEflation of jobs
by ABBA P. LERNER
In this outspoken, nontechnical book, one of the leading economists of our time offers a new view of inflation, depression, jobs and the dollar. At bookstores, $1.45


flation
not INflation of prices
not DEflation of jobs
What You Always Wanted to Know about Inflation, Depression, and the Dollar
ABBA P. LERNER

PENGUIN BOOKS INC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The important thing is that the "right wing" of the CIA and/or the FBI (or both) *may* have got wind of this. It could or it *might* have felt that the President's security and reputation were endangered, or maybe she *was* sleeping with the Attorney General after all, and of course she *was* the ex-wife of a man who had been pilloried as a supporter of Communist causes. In any event, that right wing *might* (or could) have arranged her death to look like a suicide, couldn't it? But if it had, was it protecting the Kennedys or "amassing evidence against them"?

This theory is simply a variation of that advanced in a 78-page pamphlet which was published in 1964, *The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe*, which Mailer says had also "been brought to my attention." It flatly said that Bobby ordered Marilyn's death because she had threatened to expose their relationship when he refused to divorce his wife and marry her. And its author identified her assassins (her internist and psychiatrist) as members of the "International Communist Conspiracy."

If Mailer's so-called psychohistorical methods were used to analyze his latest self-advertisement, it would be easy to degrade him as he has degraded Monroe. But in degrading Monroe he has already degraded himself, demonstrating with great candor his fear, hatred, frustration, rage and jealousy.

The pictures by twenty-four of "the World's Foremost Photographers" catch many aspects of the infinite variety of Monroe's face, a series of masks of a secret personality that was probably nowhere nearly so complex as it may have seemed. A pity they cannot be enjoyed without the text.

She was an artist who did not live long enough to give us more than a glimpse of a talent that never came to maturity. She was a victim of the attitude of an industry and a society based on the exploitation of some human beings by others. She is the living (and dead) proof that chauvinism kills, but her personality will survive this latest assault on her integrity by a man who cannot understand her—but who might understand Richard Nixon very well because both are Puritan, humorless, shrewd, arrogant, acquisitive, sadistic, egomaniacal, cold and filled with a hatred born of emotional insecurity. □

HAWK

At the foot of morning
canyon he freezes the sky

to the riverbed. So close
I see blue spill

between the wingtip feathers.
Five long slow circles

lift him to a speck
in the August-hammered sky.

And not a single pump
of his lonely wings.

I look down at my hands.

Michael Niflis

Genre: The First Novel

THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER. *By David Evanier. November House. 99 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.*

SEYMOUR KLEINBERG

David Evanier is an ex-New Yorker, now resident in Canada, whose first novel or novella is an entertaining and moving account of growing up Jewish in New York in the 1950s and 1960s. The six chapters of *The Swinging Headhunter* present crises in the life of Bruce Orav, beginning with the death of a favorite teacher and Bruce's alienation from his father, sexual initiation, first love and his parents' divorce, the early search for self by means of psychotherapy, creative writing and an experiment with kibbutz life in Israel, another with bohemianism in Greenwich Village, and finally his first adult failure with love. The novella ends without resolution as Bruce approaches the age of 30, and the future seems uncertain but still filled with possibilities.

First novels are almost a genre in themselves and should in fairness be judged by special criteria. Evanier is more promising than successful. One is sure that there is talent, intelligence and taste at work here, though the book is ultimately unsatisfying. The hero is the least vivid creation in the story: his lovers and friends, his parents, the places he lives in and the quality of life there are all more clearly defined than the protagonist himself. The trouble is that we cannot hope to know Bruce exclusively through his relationships and experiments since they are typical of a whole generation of New York Jews, and yet Bruce is not typical. One can identify oneself with the experiences but not with the hero. Perhaps New Yorkers are a special type, too superficially sophisticated to pass as examples of "Innocence Abroad," too provincial in their ghettos to be anything but themselves. Their equivalent is Hyacinth Robinson in James's *The Princess Casamassima* or Dickens' young men, the sensitive proletarians in search of money and culture, but they lack the spiritual distinction of an Isabel Archer or a Julien Sorel.

I do not know why Evanier has this problem with his hero since he displays a mature craftsmanship in rendering places and persons. He can in a terse scene in a restaurant tell us everything we need to know about Bruce's mother and father, their failure as parents and spouses and human beings, but Bruce is still shadowy. He is not blank enough to serve as an appropriate cypher in a novel whose real purpose is to present a portrait of the rite of passage, nor is he sufficiently individual to dominate the scenes of his own life. What gives some first or early novels their momentous effect—the driving passion of *Sons and Lovers* or the bizarre traumas of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*—is absent here. Bruce's passions are ordinary, and by contemporary standards he is "normal."

What is best in the novella is the rendering of time and place with a mixture of nostalgia and satire that plays on the reader's memory and sentiment. Ten years later, the early and mid-1960s seem almost innocent in their blandness and freedom. Life then seemed filled with choice, though that is the illusion of every generation, and the choices for Bruce do not seem so empty or so desperate as those that face young men in this decade. Though the book touches on sexual liberation and women's liberation, the black struggle and the drug culture, these are peripheral concerns. Bruce hardly seems an accurate spokesman for the generation that tore a nation apart and forced a President to retire.

I am finally uncertain where Evanier's talent lies. He is attracted to the traditional psychological novel and he is fond of satire, but his success is with situation and texture. His narrative is straightforward and mature. Undoubtedly, he is a writer, for his style is his major gift—spare, accurate, unpretentious and authoritative. Where he can best apply that talent is less obvious. □

Seymour Kleinberg teaches English literature and Jewish studies at the Brooklyn Center of Long Island University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tale Dogged by a Wag

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF AMERICA. *By Robert DeMaria. Saturday Review Press. 367 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

In his previous novel, *The Satyr*, Robert DeMaria worked Ernest Jones's Hamlet-Oedipus theory into a story about the fractured, schizoid mind of a satyriast clerk who decides one Mother's Day to murder his mother, but, killing his own identity instead, takes the disguise of a gardener and ends by marrying the lady in question. It is a weird, ingenious and in places funny-sickly theme and variations on a man with a multiple personality who is obsessed with a particular death. *The Decline and Fall of America* tacks in the opposite direction, showing the collective mind habitually immersed in, and bludgeoned insensate by, multiple deaths. This book too is grotesque, in places inventive, satiric, sickly; but not overly amusing or instructive. DeMaria's black humor has turned tattle-tale gray: there is still a lot of fascinating tattle, but the story is continually dogged by the wag in DeMaria rather than engaged by the fine writer that earlier novels like *The Satyr*, *Carnival of Angels* and *Don Juan in Lourdes* have shown him to be.

The collective mind in *The Decline and Fall of America* is ostensibly the American mind itself, ostensibly seen in cross section through a large, successful family called Pryce, and a smaller, penurious, illegitimate offshoot called Canabis. All told, there are about seventy members of the former, and a dozen of the latter, whom DeMaria keeps before us by means of witty genealogy intended to parody those insuperably obscure charts prefacing all "family novels." Among the establishment Pryces, most of whom live in Cambridge, are: a famous TV newscaster who engineers the fraudulent assassination of a black militant leader; a dewy-eyed nymph not as sweet as Candy or as machinating as Lolita; a thanatoptic college professor; a prolific pornographer who writes under five pseudonyms; a boondoggling Senator; a journalist-poet, a bluestocking, and a 50-year-old-virgin who runs a posh bordello. The collateral Canabis clan, living in homey squalor and genial incest somewhere in upstate New York, boasts a pseudo-Faulknerian gummy granny, two bonehead ex-Marines who have recently received a hero's welcome after being cleared of massacre charges in "Veetnam," and their father, a side-slappin', liquor-swillin', girl-chasin', sawed-off-shotgun-playin' cross between Pa Kettle, Jeeter Lester, and a *Deliverance* pervert. The patriarch of this updated Jukes-Kallikak clan is Nelson Pryce, a centenarian who is being sustained in his Long Island mansion by a personal staff, and whom everyone for obvious reasons wishes dead. DeMaria's plot comes to a climax when five of the Pryces conspire with three of the Canabises to blow up Nelson and the remaining heirs at his 100th birthday party in the penthouse of New York's Hilton-Plaza.

To do this they must blow up the entire hotel; but no matter. DeMaria's point about this mini-big-bang (if it comes off) is that the deaths of 300 or so innocents will be as unimportant and inconsequential as those isolated deaths here and there about the town, or as those of the anonymous thousands who die every day, everywhere, for whatever reason. The catastrophe will merely be reported on the tube between Seven-Up and Gainesburger commercials. Death is no longer the speculative province of philosophers nor even the rock-bottom experience of common humanity; it is the stock in trade of the communications media that glut us with it to the point that it is sapped of any significance.

DeMaria punctuates this Marcusian thesis by interpolating as separate chapters media reports of fires, floods, earthquakes, airline disasters, rapes, revolutions, famines, wars, mass suicides, murder. He presents these as parallels with the mixed bag of whimsical, ludicrous, ugly, brutal, gothic, violent and motiveless deaths of persons who get

Robert Morris has written several books of criticism on British fiction, and frequently reviews contemporary literature.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685. Title 39. United States Code)

1. Title of publication: THE NATION.
2. Date of filing: September 13, 1973
3. Frequency of issue: Weekly (except for omission of four issues).
4. Location of known office of publication (Street, city, county, state, zip code) 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers (Not printers) 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor
   Publisher (Name and address):
   James J. Storrow Jr., 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014.
   Editor (Name and address):
   Carey McWilliams, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014.
   Executive editor (Name and address):
   Robert L. Hatch, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014.
7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) Name: The Nation Associates, Inc. (no stockholders), 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014; Carey McWilliams, Pres. and Treas., 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014; James J. Storrow Jr., Vice-Pres. & Secy., 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (If there are none, so state): None.
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)
39 U. S. C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."
In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U. S. C. 3626.

(Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner)

JAMES J. STORROW JR.
Publisher

11. Extent and Nature of circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run)	30,182	29,840
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	850	900
2. Mail Subscriptions	23,698	25,040
C. Total Paid Circulation	24,548	25,940
D. Free Distribution By Mail, Carrier or Other Means		
1. Samples, Complimentary, and other Free Copies	300	200
2. Copies distributed to News Agents but Not Sold	4,084	2,200
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	28,932	28,340
F. Office Use, Left-Over, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	1,250	1,500
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	30,182	29,840

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
ROSE M. GREEN, Circulation Manager

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tangentially involved with the plot—in order to suggest, I believe, that his novel about the death of a family is, because of the decadence of our collective mind, really a novel about us, America—a family of death.

The Decline and Fall of America is a much less hysterical book than *Gravity's Rainbow*, say, which makes somewhat the same point. But where Pynchon finds death and the death wish symptomatic of so many things wrong with America, DeMaria—apart from the single implication alluded to above—just finds them. Again, to generate a measure of demonstrative force for what he says about us and our power-crazed minds, he must represent us fairly. And my feeling is that he does not. His vision, should the hotel be blown sky high, is that the American Establishment will disappear,

> mushrooming in slow-motion, all the generations, all the gossip, all the jewelry, the madras, the nylon, the dacron, the dentures, the garter belts, the alligator shoes, the wallets, the bikini underwear, the false eyelashes, the empty champagne bottles, the waiters, the children, the hope, the greed, the small-mindedness, the cynicism and ambition, the visions of garbage and rocket-propelled coffins, the lies, the bitterness the acid indigestion, the horn-rimmed glasses, the unmailed letters, and all the bits of paper and bone and glass and flesh that made up God's paragon of errors.

But do these sins, foibles, prosthetic devices, maladies and stereotypes fairly represent the collective mind of the Establishment? And if the Establishment is America, is the converse necessarily true? DeMaria may be right in seeing the "decline and fall" of one in the other; yet I think his imagination has taken him further than complex reality suggests or even poetic license allows. Perhaps he is right in thinking everything should go, leaving behind only hillbillies, madams and English profs, but the joke is too glib a response to the seriousness of the dilemma he initially sets before us.

I am not trying to be obtuse about the potentialities of black humor for representing our agony in Necropolis. But for all its superfluity, this climactic catalogue, like the novel itself, is without a corrective or a middle ground. DeMaria can't seem to find a single good thing to say about us, nor does he give us a single sympathetic character—unless it be the Jesus Freak who wanders in and out of the novel—and it is impossible to know where the balance tips to excess unless we have the balance to begin with. Swift, possibly the greatest black humorist of all, realized that to be nihilistic and misanthropic in a vacuum would not persuade his readers to loathe what he found loathsome. One must see oneself in satire's glass, else there is little hope for improving the image. The glass *The Decline and Fall of America* holds up to us is superficially polished spic-and-span, nicely rounded and ornamented, but rather too warped and clouded to let us see in or through. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

At the Museum of Modern Art (until November 4) there is a retrospective exhibition of Ellsworth Kelly. It is not described as a retrospective, but what else is a show that starts in 1949 and runs through 1973? The choice of works is not as good as I can imagine; excellent pieces are thrown away by being hung in the foyer; the show is stretched out so that it straggles through a corner of the permanent collection; then it gets going again but expires, instead of climaxing, with an overlarge group of early drawings. However it contains some marvelous paintings, like "Black Ripe," 1956; "Orange Red Relief," 1959; "Blue Green," 1962; "Black Square with Red," 1970, and the later color spectra, sequences of glowing one-color panels.

Instead of a catalogue in the old sense there is a book by E.C. Goossen, the organizer of the show. The Kelly show is one of those cases, increasingly frequent, where the act of putting on an exhibition overlaps with publishing: the book does not even carry a check list (that comes separately). Another book on Kelly, by John Coplans, has just appeared (Abrams). These join one published two years ago on Kelly's graphics (New York Graphic Society). I haven't checked and there may be some overlapping, but the three books, all called *Ellsworth Kelly*, provide a total of 148 color plates. Thus he has suddenly leapfrogged over Johns and Rauschenberg, Stella and Frankenthaler, into the Warhol category of multiple literary recognition. Given this situation it might be worth considering the kind of criticism to which he is subject.

Coplans' book is a well-observed and clearly formulated study of the visual ordering of Kelly's work. He takes the paintings and sculptures as a visible spectacle and analyzes the form of their display. His attention is fixed on the syntactics of the art, to use a term of C.W. Morris', by which is meant the internal relations among signs (in the case of art, this is roughly equivalent to composition). Coplans' book in its rigor and containment is a continuation of the formal criticism whose two main monuments are William Rubin's book on Frank Stella and Michael Fried's on Morris Louis. Coplans discusses admirably the spatial implication of modular structure, "color's potential for opticality" (i.e., the separation of color effect from the materiality of paint), the function of forms at the edges of pictures, and Kelly's "ties to the seen world."

The orientation of Goossen's book is very different, though he shares Coplans' formal bias. Both writers go into the derivation of Kelly's forms from objects and events in the man-made or natural environment, but Goossen makes it a major point.

Goossen applies the genetic method of analysis to Abstract painting. As he writes, the world always seems splendidly to enter Kelly's art. For example, Goossen compares "Kelly's move to . . . the light-ridden Riviera" with Van Gogh's journey south, which led to a brightening of his color. And Goossen describes Kelly's stay in "a typical Breton seaman's cottage situated on Belle-Ile-à-Mer." Such details are piled up vividly, but I doubt their significance. A renewed biographical approach to artists offers considerable promise at present; it could draw on, for instance, Rudolf and Margot Wittkower's study of artists' lives, *Born Under Saturn*, and on Erik Erikson's writings. The Wittkowers provide a framework in which professional customs and obsessions as well as the self-typing of artists can be clearly discussed, and Erikson is a model of how to deal with the sequence of a *whole* life and not only with the unverifiable *early* crises of psychoanalytical biography. That Goossen's notion of biography does not include these sources may be seen from his telling of Kelly's visit to Brancusi's studio. It has to do with "Brancusi's efforts to get one of the college girls present to sit on his lap." (Thank you very much, Professor Goossen.)

The biographical method means, does it not, a series of point-to-point correspondences between events in the life and in the work of the subject. Goossen speculates that Kelly's "two- or three-color paintings" may derive from Audubon's engravings, which Kelly knew as a child. He postulates a link with "two- or three-color birds" such as "the black-throated blue warbler and the redstart."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However, in the absence of basic information about the life of the artist, such details are as cute as they are unproven. Of what use is a "biographical approach," Goossen's term, which omits the sexual life of the artist? Another lacuna, given the claim to biography, is the total blankness of Kelly's character in the text. Psychologically, Kelly seems to be compulsive, as is suggested by his work method (the multiple layering of color) and by his development (a series of gradually shifting repetitions). Not a word about this. It turns out, in fact, that Goossen is using the genetic method to protect rather than to reveal his subject. He instances "altarpieces, windows, shutters, and . . . building façades" as points of departure for Kelly's early work because, he candidly admits, they "help to dispel any notion that Kelly's images come from the work of other painters." Thus the biographical method turns out to be simply a device for maintaining the artist's autonomy: it is biography in the absence of the world.

That's the trouble about writing a monograph on a living artist who wants things his way. Neither Goossen nor the tougher Coplans refers to Leon Polk Smith, for instance, a painter who may or may not have influenced Kelly. It is a matter of contention and certainly one that any writer on Kelly should have settled one way or the other in the course of a book. Indeed neither writer considers Kelly's relations with his contemporaries, though both go in for flattering comparisons with old Europeans. Matisse, Arp and Mondrian are tortuously discussed, always in ways that congratulate Kelly on escaping from their problems and hang-ups while slightly obscuring what the younger artist's debt really was. (A good example of this is Coplans' substitution of "the intense hedonism" of Matisse's color *in general* for the *specific* and evident influence of the cut-outs in *Jazz*, although Kelly's "Cowboy," 1958, obviously derives from *Jazz*.)

C.W. Morris' syntactics is part of a triad including semantics and pragmatics. Pragmatics, the study of signs in relation to their users, ourselves, I shall not go into now, but semantics, the "relations between signs and referents," is important here. Coplans lets lie the problem of what Abstract art might mean in an "extra-artistic" sense. Goossen makes a move to find a semantics for Kelly's abstraction by locating its origins in the world. An inadequate theory of biography blocks his achievement, but the failure is interesting because the meanings of Abstract art still await proper definition. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Four men—a judge (Philippe Noiret), an airline pilot (Marcello Mastroianni), a television producer (Michel Piccoli) and a chef (Ugo Tognazzi)—gather for a long weekend at a house not far from Paris that is owned by the judge and there undertake to eat themselves to death. According to *La Grande Bouffe* (The Big Feed) they succeed in this improbable venture and the progress to their several ends is recorded by the Italian director, Marco Ferreri, in revolting excremental and sexual detail.

No reason is given why this quartet should be bent on suicide, but since they are men who, with little else in common, share an infantile confusion as to the pleasures of the flesh, one may assume that to them the prospect of dying from engorgement is irresistibly alluring. To heighten their transports, they invite three whores to the feast, but these girls—who do not object to being mishandled in various humiliating ways, particularly by the pilot, who is also afflicted with priapism induced by peering under the hood of an ancient sports car—cannot endure the morbid gluttony. Having vomited, they depart. However, a plump,

BACK-TO-SCHOOL Subscriptions

For that special student or teacher in your life
—a Gift Subscription that is right on target.

20 Issues for only $5.00!!

20 Issues of The NATION represents an entire semester of source material — ideal for:

- Research projects
- Curriculum planning
- Term papers
- Class discussion
- Rap sessions

The NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

Here's my $5.00. Send Gift Sub to:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

School Affiliation _____

Starting date _____

How shall we sign the Gift Card? _____

X 10-15-73

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motherly, sweetly bourgeois but nymphomaniac schoolteacher has added herself to the party, and she ministers to her companions, solicitously spooning food into their gaping mouths and attending to their erogenous needs in the manner of the depraved baby nurse of lurid gossip.

From various sources I have heard that *La Grande Bouffe* is enlivened by comedy, and like most people I resent the implication that my sense of humor is deficient. I do recognize that certain scenes might once have moved me to a fit of titters; at one point, for example, the toilet cistern bursts and inundates the company. But it has been a long time since I got a laugh out of contemplating shit. Otherwise, I noticed a great deal of absurdity in the ungoverned preoccupation with swallowing and orgasm, but it seems to me that anyone who could find this melancholy behavior comic would have been well entertained by an 18th-century sightseeing trip to a madhouse.

I must doubt, then, that Ferreri meant to tickle our funny bones, and I cast about for what his motives might have been. It is true, of course, that the French, and to perhaps a lesser extent the Italians, are more concerned about cuisine than some other peoples, and it could be that Ferreri is sermonizing against gluttony. If that was his motive, which somehow I doubt, it fails by reason of overstatement—to be sure, a common fault in dedicated moralists.

Or perhaps there is here a more extended metaphor—a comment on the disposition of modern industrial man to consume more than he needs or the natural resources can thriftily supply. Godard in *Weekend* did something rather effective in that line with respect principally to the motor car, rising by stages from holiday traffic to cannibalism. That comes closer home, but Ferreri gives us the easy out that he is describing some lunatics, not a lunatic society—there is no suggestion that the men's malady is contagious; even their schoolteacher friend keeps her feeding within rational bounds. By no stretch of hyperbole can I find my sins of consumption reflected in the glandular perversions of *La Grande Bouffe*.

So I am left with a couple of hypotheses, neither of which is more than a guess. Ferreri may be afflicted with that revulsion against bodily needs and functions that most frequently strikes one in late adolescence and have chosen this visualization of his preoccupations as a means of exorcising them. In that case, I hope the exercise has been cleansing. Or he may be opportunistically aware that within the past few years there has arisen all over the world a sick rivalry in proving oneself able to assimilate any communication, however degrading. This curious contest is no doubt political in origin—since, willy-nilly, we must know about the Greek Colonels, the Vietnamese tiger cages, the jackal demagoguery of Nixon-Agnew, an instinct for survival induces a contempt for squeamishness in the context of public affairs. This then slops over into intellectual and aesthetic areas; the hallucinated homosexual novels of William Burroughs enjoy a vogue, architects who adopt the pizza drive-in as their standard of excellence are seriously regarded, graffiti are endorsed as creative achievements, and increasingly one is well advised to attend the movies on an empty stomach. If Ferreri has seized on this aspect of the modern temper he will probably be acclaimed. He has carried the childish pastime of being deliberately disgusting to new heights of adult sophistication, and I have been impressed in the past few days by the number of people who have felt called upon to tell me, somewhat aggressively, that they "enjoyed" *La Grande Bouffe*. It is a form of machismo available to both sexes. Quite frankly, it scares me.

Day for Night is allegedly a movie about the making of a movie called *Meet Pamela*, with François Truffaut, director of the former, appearing as Ferrand, director of the latter. I say "allegedly" because Truffaut, who directs *Day for Night* with a pleasant appreciation of inconsequential comedy touched with sentimentality, does little as Ferrand except walk around the set looking professionally harassed. A great deal is made of the paraphernalia of shooting on a realistic outdoor set at the Victorine Studios, Nice, and this aspect of the picture has the fascination of leafing through the parts catalogue of someone else's technology.

What makes the film lovable, which is the best word for it, is the sugar-candy story involving the loves and loyalties of a most attractive bunch of people. The players, who include Jean-Pierre Leaud, Valentina Cortese, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset and the less familiar but as charming Nathalie Baye and Bernard Menez, are working at a job that by no means taxes their acting resources. Truffaut is indulgent toward them, letting them kid his scenario in a gentle way (he kids it himself with a mini-portentous salute to *Citizen Kane*), and they appear to be having fun with the project and with one another. That atmosphere rarely produces important work, but it almost invariably puts an audience in high spirits.

Directors who attain the stature enjoyed by Truffaut for the most part assume that a big sensation is expected of them every time. It is evidence of how comfortably Truffaut wears his distinction that he can relax by doing something quite small exceedingly well. □

AMERICAN NOTES

Neither of us says it.
A blank envelope
Arrives.
Our hopes laid out
Like burglar tools
Under the moon.

Whatever drags a man down
Into the earth
Pulls me
Toward you
All shoulders
In this night that has been spread for us

I will read you to sleep
From the manual.

Thomas Johnson

REAL ESTATE

ENJOY a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent free. Write **VIKING HOME EXCHANGE, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minnesota 55165.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

QUICK (BUT CAREFUL) MOVERS. Household or commercial. Realistic estimates. Reasonable rates. Insured. No job too small. **(212) 673-5341.**

PERSONALS

ANTI-NIXON BUMPERSTICKERS! "Don't Blame Me, I Voted For McGovern," "Nixon For Ex-President," "Visit San Clemente (You Paid For It!)," "No Peace In Indochina/No Honor In The White House," "Impeach Nixon (And Spiro, Too!)," "Prices Too High? Nixon's The One!," "Nixon Enemy #29,168,509," "No Amnesty For Nixon," "More Steak And Less Baloney!," "Honk If You Think He's Guilty," "Impeachment With Honor." Prompt service. Any combination—2/$1, 5/$2, 15/$5, 40/$10. Volume/dealer discounts. **Checkers Enterprises, Box 8051C, St. Louis, Mo. 63108.**

RATIOCINATIVITY, cognizance, and the capacity to feel pleasure and pain are the three categories of ethics. Diploidness, species, and biological life are NOT categories of ethics. Self-sovereignty to ratiocinating beings; sanctity to cognizant beings; and courtesy to their wanted offspring.—**ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS, POB 36122, Los Angeles 90036.**

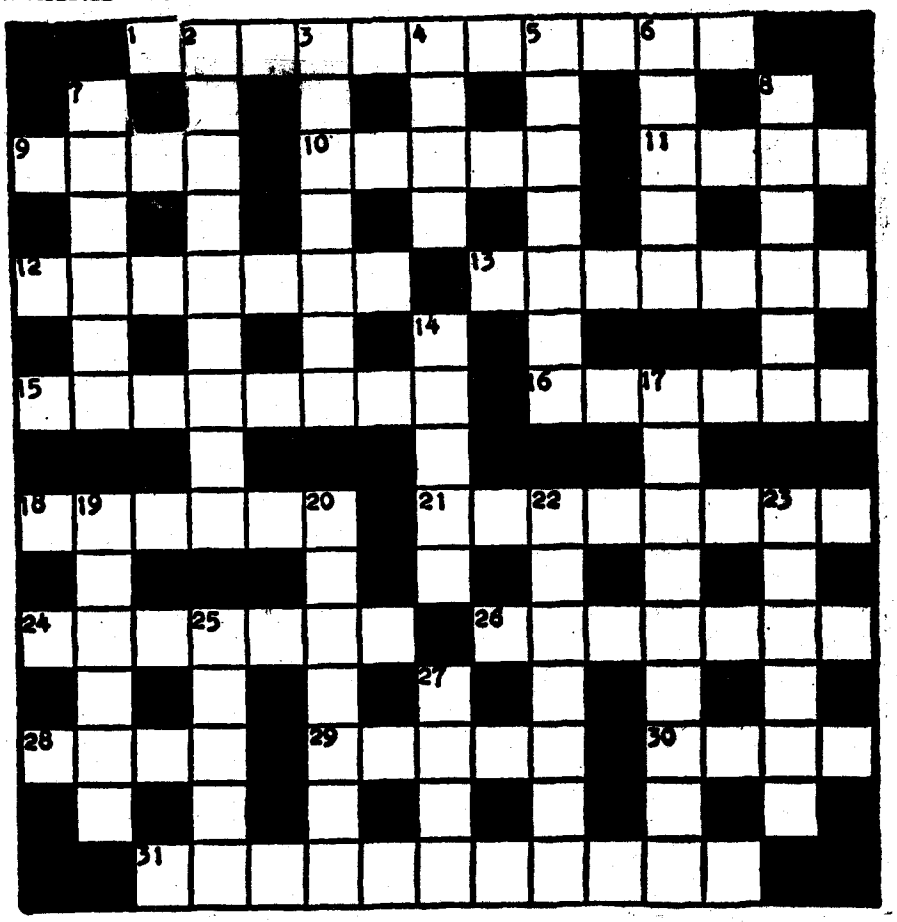
"HOT LINE NEWS—Dial—312-731-1100—The Civilian Committee to Clean up the Courts." **Sherman Skolnick, Chairman**—24 hours a day—news not printed on TV or in newspapers.

END EXPLOITATION, OPPRESSION AND WARS. Build a friendly, classless, democratic world. Join the **Socialist Party, U.S.A., 1012 N. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53203.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1507

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Let's read the sort of things that might put the company on top in communications! (11)
9 Indirectly lies where one could be marooned. (4)
10 and 29 It might suggest the setting for a good picture. (5,5)
11 See 14 down
12 A number of players on one side of the court get badly set in it, but it should describe a holiday event. (7)
13 and 15 When people beat their feet as good things happen, it's an obvious indication that they like it! (5,2,8)
16 One wouldn't expect to find him in anyone's kimono—or would one? (6)
18 Gives the proper 1 across when headless, but charms for only unspecified periods.
21 They probably concentrate on features in the movies. (5-3)
24 With a ring, probably, that indicates it's busy? (7)
26 Not exactly instead of what might be almost painted! (7)
28 and 7 down Either very rapid or non-moving with the rest being completed, but out of this world! (4,6)
30 See 25 down
31 One of these had an open-door policy, according to Coleridge. (11)

DOWN

2 Descriptive of one old-fashioned college where the chosen people take a kind of examination. (9)
3 City where an uprising might show verbal support, and allow the rest. (3,4)
4 Orientals, or possibly Persians. (4)
5 Of recent, it lets part of it give a name to something. (7)
6 In non-recent stage music, this was impossible! (5)
8 Make over, but not quite in the former state. (6)
14 and 11 across After an altercation some seers appear so—but the price of steak might preclude their being treated traditionally. (5,4)
17 A quiet demand submitted with a Mother's Day gift? (4,2,3)
19 An excellent writer of open manuscripts.
20 Certain types of flowers might be so checked, but other flowers have been long this. (7)
22 It could be the province of oration. (7)
23 Loosely somewhat good-looking. (6)
25 and 30 across The result of numerical science being over, presumably. (9)
27 Man alone sometimes is an animal! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1506

ACROSS: 1 Attempting; 6 Isis; 11 Clean up; 12 Mail; 13 Breadfruit; 15 Leeward; 16 Annular; 17 and 2 down Ships of the line; 20 Dustmop; 22 My goodness; 23 User; 25 Noodles; 26 Rummage; 27 Sink; 28 Messengers. DOWN: 1 Accomplishments; 3 Mine; 4 Tapered; 5 Niagara; 7 Sensual; 8 Sports reporters; 9 Stiffness; 14 Bar stools; 18 Ingrown; 19 Finesse; 20 Deserts; 21 Massage; 24 Amen.

MUSIC

IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to get **Malvina Reynolds LP's** except by mail order. Write for brochure and free single to: **Schroder Music Co., 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, Ca. 94704.** Enclose 25¢ coin or stamps to cover mailing costs.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOG. 1,400 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

EDUCATIONAL & CAMPS

OPEN COMMUNITY SUMMER CAMP AND BOARDING SCHOOL. A camp where freedom is encouraged in an atmosphere of adult responsibility and concern. Children learn to trust, love and respect both themselves and others through learning and playing together and in sharing the responsibility of freedom with adults. The children choose from a rich program of academic as well as crafts, music, organic gardening, animals, drama, pottery, riding, swimming, camping, sports, art and photography. Accepting ages 6-17. For brochure: **Open Community Camp, Box 305 N, Claverack, N.Y. 12513. (518) 851-3311.**

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults wishing to complete undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. **Write Box E, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.**

LITERARY SERVICES

YOUR BOOK printed from well typed manuscript. Any quantity, economical. **Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, TX 78336.**

PUBLICATIONS

FREE BOOKLET: **HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND FAMILY AGAINST CRIME.** A digest of vital information. By mail from: **Oakland House, Box 829, Columbia, Md. 21044.**

REPRINTS are available of the article which appeared in our January 22, 1973 issue:

THE HUBRIS OF A PRESIDENT
by William L. Shirer

Reflections on the devastation of Hanoi, by the journalist who broadcast Hitler's barbarism to a horrified world.

Single copies .....**25¢ each**
10 or more .....**20¢ each**
50 or more .....**15¢ each**
100 or more .....**10¢ each**

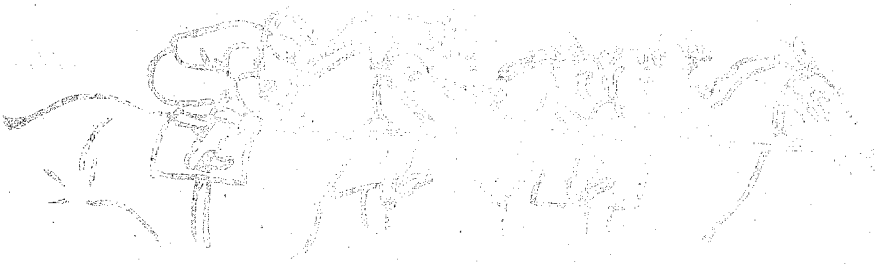
Please enclose payment with your order

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10014

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATION
comes in first...



...and the others follow

Here are 5 cases where The NATION was out front, while other publications trailed behind.

CASE NO. 1

May 28, 1973: The NATION runs Joseph C. Goulden's "Warming Up For Watergate" with 1962 as starting point.

Aug. 16, 1973: The VILLAGE VOICE runs "Prelude to Watergate—The Time Frame Was 1962," by Tom de Vries.

CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

June 4, 1973: The NATION runs "Appraising the GAO," a piece about the General Accounting Office by Peter Gruenstein.

June 17, 1973: THE WASHINGTON POST hits with "'Congress' GAO Becomes 'Fiscal FBI.'"

CASE NO. 4

Sept. 13, 1971: The NATION digs into "The Corporate Underground" by Timothy H. Ingram.

On Oct. 9, Nov. 3 and 8, 1971, BUSINESS WEEK, The WALL STREET JOURNAL and NEWSWEEK all run the same story, quoting Mr. Ingram.

CASE NO. 5

Feb. 19, 1973: The NATION prints John Grady's blast, "Administrative Discharges: The 'Less Than Honorable' Solution."

July 8,. 1973: Washington's THE SUNDAY STAR and DAILY NEWS runs "Rethinking the 'Bad Discharge' System," by Raymond P. Boulanger.

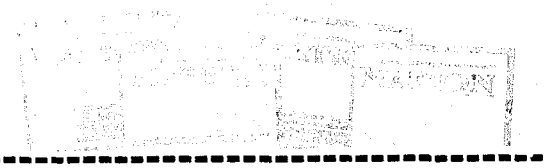
Time after time, an ice-breaking article appears in The NATION, America's oldest weekly, edited by Carey McWilliams.

Weeks, months, and even years later, a curiously similar story appears somewhere else.

How come? How does The NATION get out there first? . . . . Syndicated columnist Nicholas von Hoffman puts it this way:

> **"Other editors try to find out what the trend of the moment is and then get with it; McWilliams does not cash in on trends—he makes them."**

You too can be out in front with the news. Put your $5.00 bet on The NATION!



THE NATION *333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014*

You've given me 5 good reasons. Here's five bucks!

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____ **Zip** _____

10-15-73

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED